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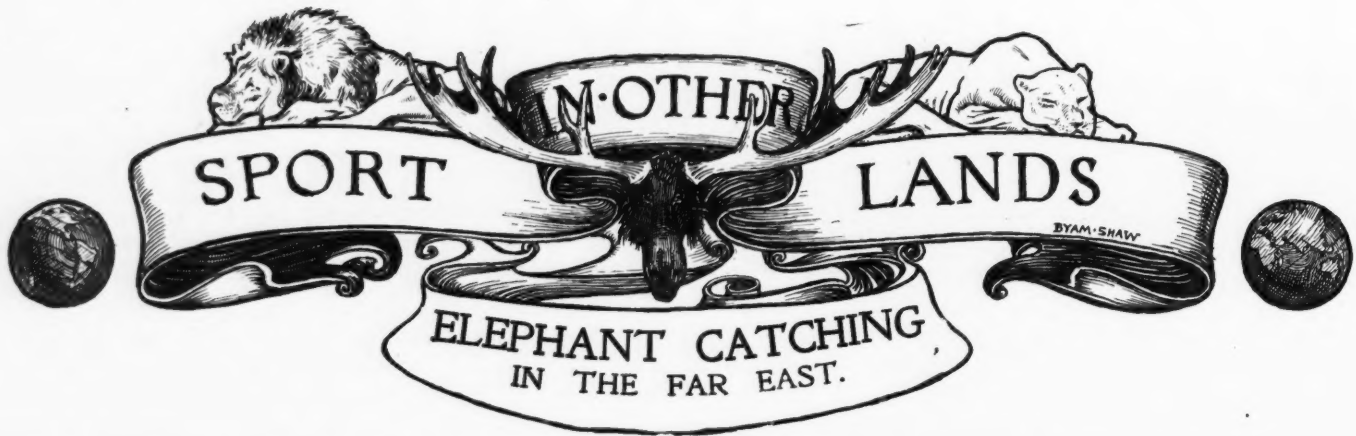
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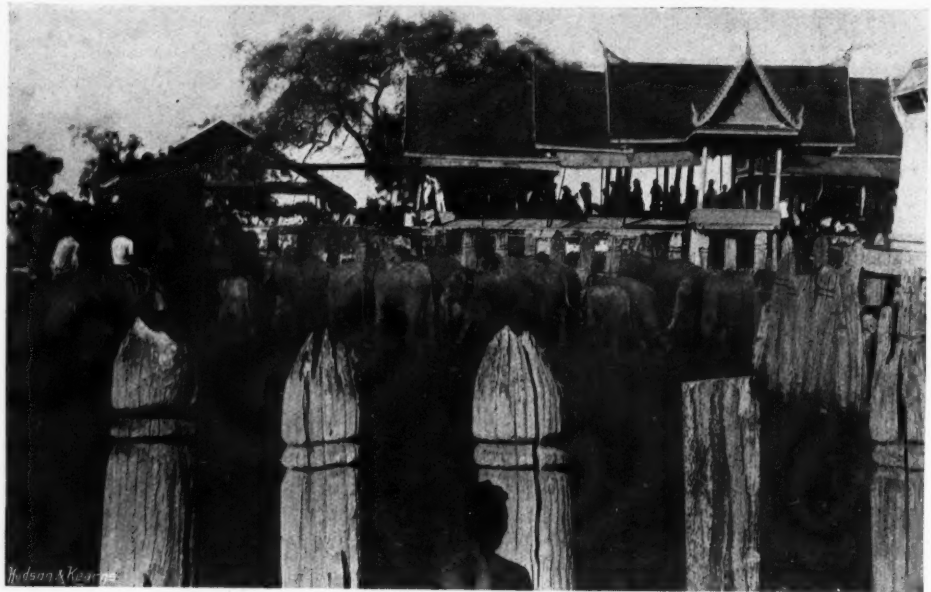
MRS. GUSCOTTE AND HER DAUGHTER.

Pembridge Crescent, W.



IN support of the belief that the real secret of elephant management is the property of the races not of India, but of the Far East, we may to some degree cite the views of the late Mr. Bartlett, superintendent of the Zoological Gardens. Among the few animals now "in process of domestication" he placed the gayal, or wild ox of the Assam jungle, and the elephant. Not, however, the elephant of India. Tamed and trained as it has been for generations, and now annually transferred from the jungle to domestic, or rather to Government service, it is *not*, in the proper sense of the word, domesticated. The method by which it is obtained is the contradiction of domestication. All the Indian elephants are wild animals, caught in the *heddahs*. Eighty years is the average of their life in Government service, yet during that time they never breed. The species is reproduced as a *wild species*, and the Indian elephant is still a wild animal. Burmah, as we saw in our last article, marks the next step. The tame female elephants interbreed with the wild males, and produce young which are soon taken into domestic service, partly by the aid of their domesticated mothers. This is a step towards complete domestication, for the young Burmese elephant is the offspring of a tame dam and a wild sire.

But it is in Siam, still further East, that the most advanced, the most civilised and economical method of elephant management is found. There, besides the wild herds, are other herds which, if not absolutely tame, are far more domesticated than the cattle of Argentina, Australia, or the Maremma of the West Italian Coast, and not less so than the horses of the North American ranches. These herds are the property of the king. Every year they are mustered for inspection, and for drafting the young males into domestic service. As the average life of these



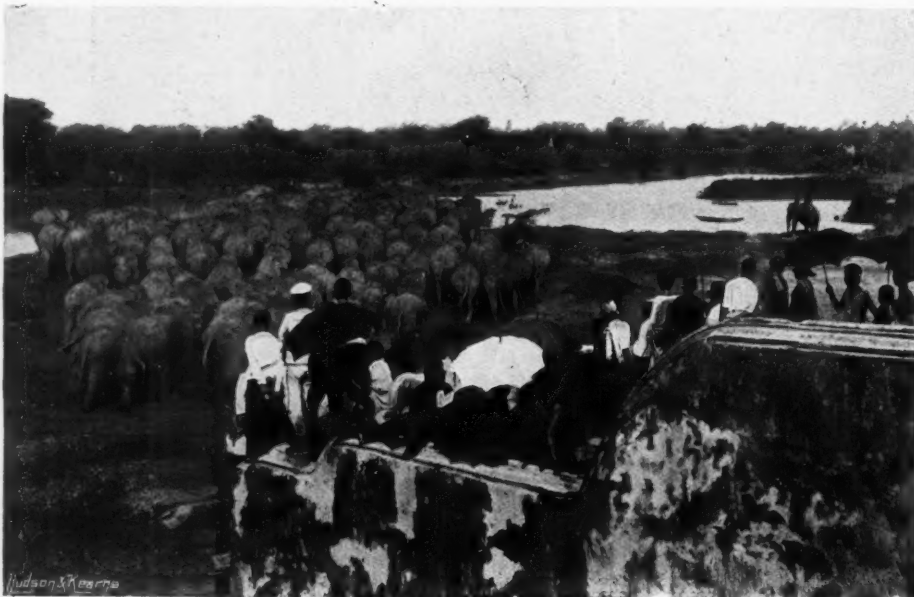
THE GRAND STAND AT AYUTHIA.

Siamese elephants is 100 years or more, their experience of human control is thoroughly established.

The jungle in which they live is some fifty miles long and thirty miles wide, in the delta of the Menam and Bangpakong rivers. No one is allowed to kill one, and the wild herds are equally protected. As the elephants *must* die some day, the sensible Siamese are content to take the ivory when this happens, and meantime use the animals for transport. Only males are in request, either for work or as riding animals; to offer a female to be ridden is an insult. These males are not only of enormous size, but have far larger tusks than is common with the Indian branch of the Asiatic species. Many of those belonging to the King of Siam have tusks which almost touch the ground, and it

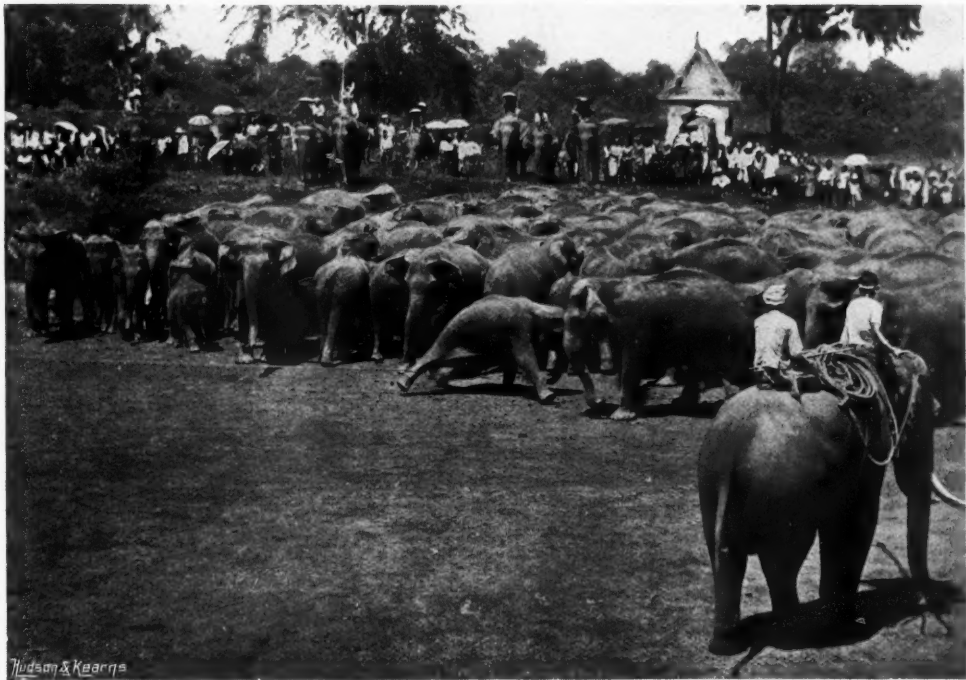
is a common story that the finest males always have to go uphill backwards, because the length of their tusks makes it impossible to face a steep ascent!

The yearly elephant catch of the domesticated herds takes place at Ayuthia, the ancient capital of Siam. This performance is a kind of Siamese Derby Day—a national sporting fête. THE GRAND STAND AT AYUTHIA is occupied by Court officials and distinguished visitors, and thousands of the country people assemble to watch the driving of the herd to the great enclosure, or "paneat," which has been constructed for these occasions. Herein lies one of the main differences which mark the Siamese from the Indian system. As the herds are half domesticated, and live in a known area of jungle, the *kedlah*, in place of being constructed for a particular hunt, is permanent. That at Ayuthia is centuries old. It is made of gigantic posts of teak. The weather-worn tops of some of these posts may be seen in the foreground of our first illustration, showing both the size and the age of the stockade. But first the herd has



CROSSING THE RIVER.

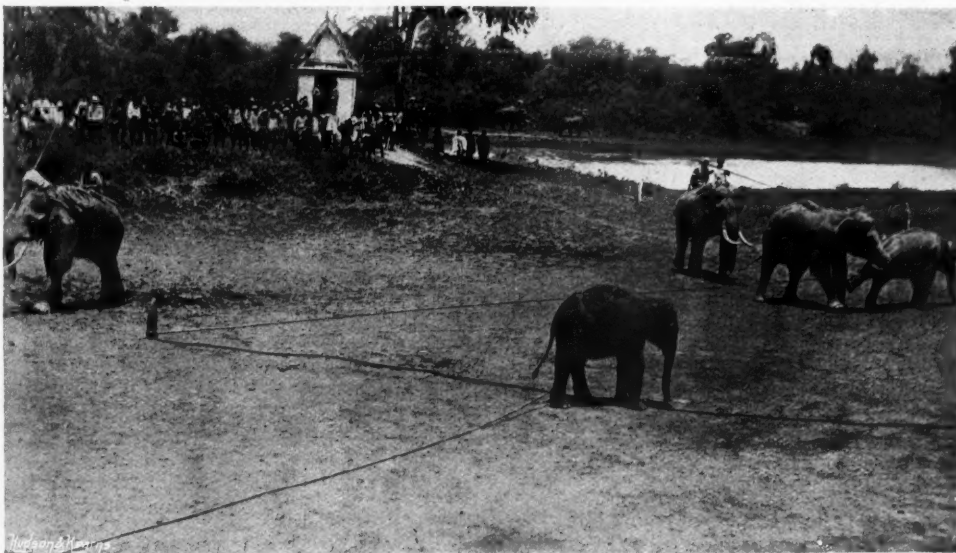
to be fetched up from the jungle and brought to Ayuthia, some forty miles, if the animals happen to be in the distant parts of their reserve. Not only forests, but streams have to be crossed. To drive some 200 elephants, of all sizes, from old tuskers to little calves no bigger than a St. Bernard dog, is no easy work. First the small herds have to be driven in. This is done by tame tuskers, mounted by mahouts. Day after day the tame animals draw nearer, until the whole mass of wild elephants is assembled, and moved gradually forward to Ayuthia. CROSSING THE RIVER is one of the most risky parts of the journey. But the old elephants know fairly well what they are wanted to do, and though anxious and frightened about the young, they take the line indicated by the flanking parties of tame tuskers ridden by the drivers. A single mounted elephant, with two unmounted females, leads the way, and acts the double part of a bell-wether and decoy. In crossing the big river the whole herd are allowed to bathe and refresh themselves. Then, after perhaps an hour or more spent in the water, they emerge on the opposite bank, and are mustered in front of the great stockade at Ayuthia. All this conducting—one can hardly call it driving—of the animals is done in the most gentle and skilful manner possible, the guard elephants effacing themselves as much as possible in the jungle or by keeping at a distance. When gathered outside the "paneat" the mob of elephants present a sight unequalled in the world. Even the rival elephant phalanxes of Ptolemy and Antiochus, ready to do battle on the banks of the Nile, did not exceed the numbers of those gathered at Ayuthia; and while the former were all male full-grown elephants, the latter are just as they come from their native forest—of all ages, sizes, and sexes. The tiny elephants keep almost between their mothers' legs to avoid being crushed, while the whole body of great beasts jam tightly together, side touching side, some stumbling and falling, others pushing and thrusting, like a flock of mammoth sheep. The



DRAWN TO THE POST.

object of the catchers is to take young male elephants, and to let the old ones and small calves go back to the jungle, for the latter to grow bigger and the former to breed more young ones. Some are secured where they stand in the herd outside the stockade. Noosers, mounted on tuskers, and armed with rope loops at the end of bamboos, approach the herd, and, watching their opportunity, slip the rope over a young one's foot. It is then made fast to a post, and the rope secured, but leaving it plenty of room to wander round. DRAWN TO THE POST shows this part of the scene at Ayuthia. The half-grown youngster in front is being wound in by the hind leg, the rope hauled by two big tuskers, at this moment invisible. Its mother has left the rest, and stands by, not understanding for the moment what is the matter. All the other young ones have taken refuge in the centre of the herd, except one inquisitive little fellow on the left, next to the big female with her ears cocked up. Clever as the elephant is, it does not seem to grasp the principle of the slip-knot. Another illustration shows A MOTHER AIDING HER YOUNG; but though she feels the rope carefully with her trunk, she cannot release the prisoner. The latter pulls with all his might, thus tightening the rope, and the mother, to help him, pushes behind till she is driven away by the man with the spear on the police elephant near. After the smaller young ones are noosed the herd is driven again to the river to bathe. When refreshed, they are partly coaxed, partly driven, into the big enclosure, where next day the larger youngsters are secured. From three to four years old is the average age at which the young are taken from the herd. Some, however, are left until later. The scenes inside the enclosure will be shown in a subsequent number.

(To be continued.)



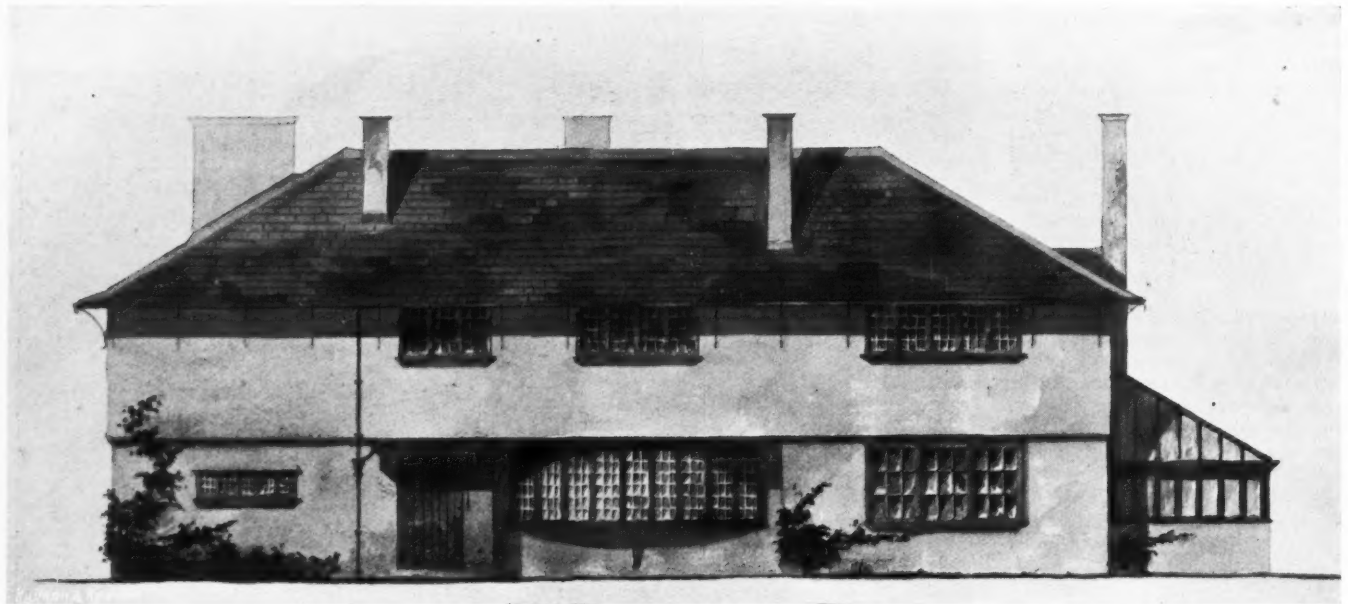
A MOTHER AIDING HER YOUNG.

COUNTRY COTTAGES.

THE charm of an old cottage which is pleasantly situated on a picturesque and healthy site, surrounded by an orchard, or shadowed by fine trees, is beyond praise. With all respect to Mr. Voysey, whose delightful cottages are the subject of this article, even his houses, beautiful and comfortable as they are, would possibly plead in vain if a choice had to be made between the ideally perfect old building and the best modern substitute. For given two things equally satisfactory to one's common-sense and one's æsthetic taste, the balance is on

the side of the older. Sentiment is a very important factor in life, and the old-world associations that an English cottage possesses are not to be dismissed lightly.

But the perfect old cottage in a perfect situation is a dream, not a fact. Or rather it belongs to dreamland, so far as most mortals have any chance of possessing it. For of all tenants cottagers are far the most tenacious. This is a noble instinct that one hardly likes to oppose, even in fancy. Certainly no decently minded person to-day would have the courage



PROPOSED HOUSE AT DOVERCOURT.

to evict a family from their "ancestral home," even if he had the power. The term "ancestral home"—usually applied to manor-house and halls of the county—is far more applicable to these cottages. County families die out or meet reverse of fortune, often enough; while the peasants abide under new landlords, generation after generation, tracing back their holdings to feudal times.

A county magnate who was hunting in the New Forest tells the story of an accident to a peasant's cart which attracted a crowd even in that unfrequented spot. Riding up, he asked a bystander what was the matter.

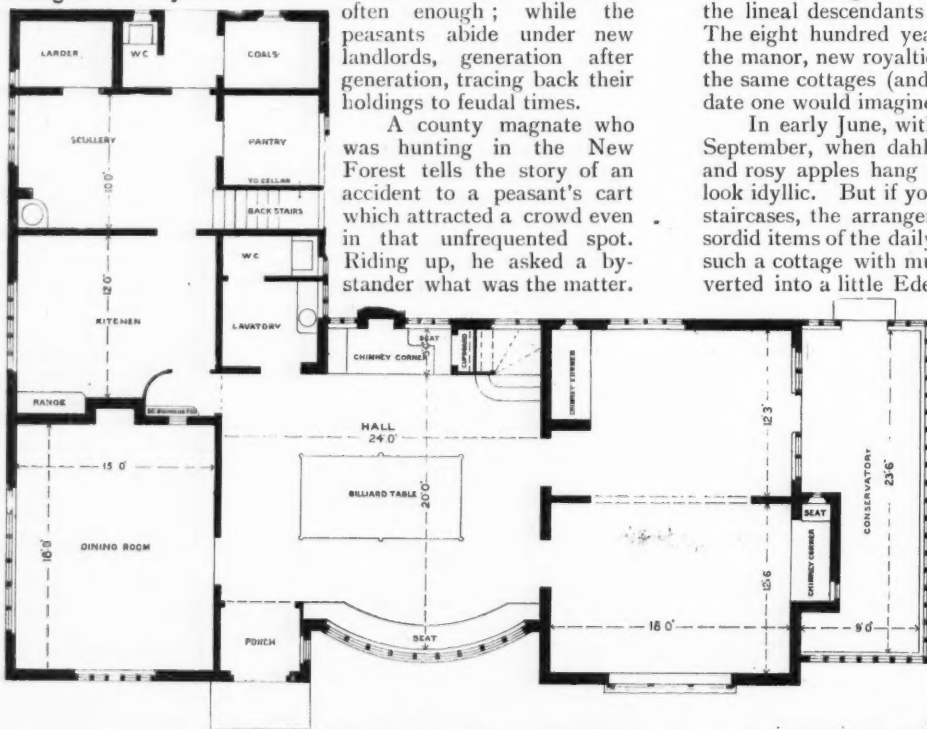
"Only one o' they unlucky Purkiss's," the rustic replied. "They be always unlucky ever since they took the King to Winchester."

"The King," he it noted, was Rufus, and "the Purkiss's" the lineal descendants of the family that bore away his body. The eight hundred years which had passed found new lords of the manor, new royalties, but the peasants were living, if not in the same cottages (and their actual age is often far beyond the date one would imagine), still in houses on the same site.

In early June, with monthly roses all a-blowing, or in late September, when dahlias and hollyhocks rise up over the hedge and rosy apples hang from gnarled trees, we see cottages that look idyllic. But if you enter, the low damp walls, the cramped staircases, the arrangements for cooking, and other essential if sordid items of the daily life, quickly disillusion you. Of course, such a cottage with much money and more taste might be converted into a little Eden; but they are usually not "To Let," or even if they are, the cost of adapting them would be much greater than that of building a new house.

These are the cottages of poetry; the cottages of prose are dreary brick houses, huddled together with insanitary surroundings and no vistas. Slate roofs or rotting thatch, mean proportions of the whole, place uncleanly and unalluring—with these no expenditure and taste could bring matters to our liking. Now the wise person, when the grapes are sour, chooses some other fruit. If you cannot get a real old cottage, and dislike both the sham antique and the cottage with a double coach-house, the best plan is to forego all pretence of antiquity, and have a house that is modern in every respect, except that it is built to last, and is comfortable and commodious as well as picturesque.

Here Mr. Voysey comes in, and he enters alone, for no architect at the present day has attempted what he has done over and over again. It is true that Mr. Norman Shaw has, in his own way, designed delightful "but and ben," as the quaint technical description runs. It may be that their red brick and tiled roofs attract you more than Mr. Voysey's whitewashed walls and green slates. That is merely a matter of taste. In this life there are very few problems which admit of but one solution. A Norman Shaw cottage in its own way may be as perfect as a Voysey; but here a difficulty crops up—



GROUND PLAN FOR HOUSE AT DOVERCOURT C. P. VOYSEY ARCHT. & B. S.

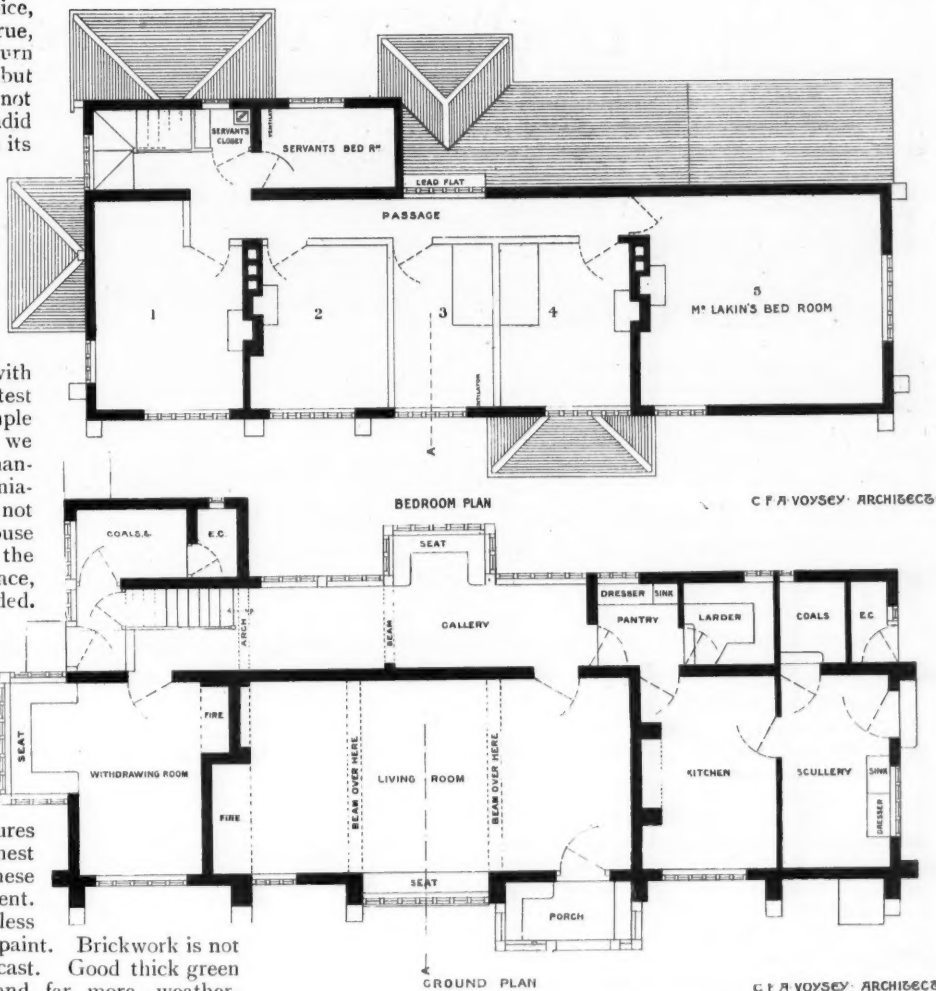


GARDEN ELEVATION FOR COTTAGE WITH RED TILE ROOF.

Mr. Norman Shaw has retired from practice, and no longer designs cottages. It is true, also, that dozens of younger men will turn us out excellent colourable imitations, but possibly we prefer something which is not an admirable replica, not even a splendid forgery of an antique, literally as good as its prototype. Then Mr. Voysey comes to mind as one who re-embodies the spirit of the ideal cottage in modern garb, who never places the picturesque before the practical, but all the same manages to make utility the basis for æsthetic expression. Health is not dissociated from comfort. Comfort requires perfect sanitation and ample space. Luxury may co-exist with the absence of decoration; the greatest epicure is often one who chooses simple viands perfectly cooked. The cottage we all long for is not, or should not be, a mansion in miniature, but it may be a miniature mansion. In other words, we do not want a cottage which is really a big house on a reduced scale, but a home with the essentials of a big house packed in small space, even if all superfluous items are discarded.

The houses here illustrated are good to look at, good to live in, and give you your money's worth for money spent. They are comfortable and lasting, with a curiously home-like appearance, that makes them harmonise with pastoral scenery in a way few modern houses have done before. They are well planned. The plan of a house is its soul, which is revealed by its features to a trained eye as surely as an honest countenance bespeaks the man. These houses have no specious ornament. Wood is wood, and looks it none the less because it is well protected by bright paint. Brickwork is not in any way falsified by a coat of rough-cast. Good thick green slates are as picturesque as tiles, and far more weather-proof. Chimneys must needs exist, therefore it is folly to pretend they are pedestals for statues, or ornamental finials. Plate-glass, if almost a necessity in narrow streets and gloomy cities, is not wanted in the country; but the Voysey casements have delightful small panes through which to gaze on fields and woods. In a city, you want all the light possible; far away from towns the sense of being indoors—shut off from the big outside—is a real luxury. In fair weather no sensible person shuts himself within, and when it is wet or cold the cosy feeling of small panes of glass seems to act as a screen between the shivering atmosphere outside and warm and comfort within. The PROPOSED HOUSE AT DOVERCOURT here illustrated is entirely typical of Mr. Voysey's matured style. If you study its plans, you will find everything a moderate ambition could desire. Not an inch of space is wasted; all the social life of the home finds a big common room (here called the hall) where it can meet. The servants' quarters are placed conveniently near and yet not too close. In short, it is a house to live in, as outside it is a house to look at, and always with pleasure. One cannot help envying a person who can see it daily with the conscious pride of ownership.

The house for M. H. Lakin, Esq., with its half-timbered upper story carried by buttresses, is typical of the earlier Voysey style. And if you prefer to have rough-cast plaster instead of half-timber work, the alternative is presented in another design



for the same building. In this, the real living-room is also the hall, the withdrawing-room being only accessible through the picture gallery. This latter, a most unusual feature in a small home, is really an amplified passage, which is so happily placed that it provides another lounging-room without encroaching on the floor space. Why the withdrawn visitors may not return to the hall without a long detour is not quite plain; one fancies that a narrow door in the angle nook might not disturb the previous arrangement unduly, and give a little more freedom of circulation. But, this little quibble excepted, the more you study its ingenious economy of space you wonder how a big living-room, picture gallery, and a withdrawing-room can all be tucked in a pint pot—if so vulgar a proverb may be quoted.

The Art (using the word in its vulgarised sense, as a synonym for ornament) of these houses is not dilated upon, for they ignore "Art as she is understood to-day." Hence, perhaps, their beauty. Common-sense requirements, fine proportions, comfort, and durability are theirs, and above all good taste reigns supreme. The delight of living in one of these houses (and from a visit spent in a cottage designed by Mr. Voysey, not illustrated here, one can speak knowingly) is equal to that of a real old cottage with none of the disadvantages. Nor need their cost deter a very modest purse, for they will compete with hideous jerry-built structures. The great charm is their domestic flavour—you feel at home as soon as you cross the threshold. Labour-saving appliances abound. The owner's taste and whims are not thwarted, and from the mistress to the scullery-maid, everybody is proud of such an entirely comfortable dwelling. The very creepers take kindly to the outer walls, and seem to recognise a place on which *Maréchal Niels* may bask and honeysuckle disport itself. Herrick himself—in the ideal "cot" he sings of—would approve of a Voysey house, which is among other houses what "*Gather ye Rosebuds*" is among ordinary drawing-room ballads.

E. B. S.



ALTERNATIVE ELEVATION FOR COTTAGE WITH GREEN SLATE ROOF.



THE peasants going homeward at evening, when the last sunbeams slanted over the mountains and struck the ruffled surface of the river, did not hear the cry. The children, picking violets and primroses in the hedgerow by the small white house, did not hear it. The occasional tourist who trudged sturdily onward to the rugged pass at the head of the valley did not hear it.

Only Maurice Dale heard it, and grew white and shivered.

Even to him it had been at first as faint as an echo pulsing through a dream. He had said to himself that it was a fancy of his brain. And then he had pulled himself together and listened; and again, as if from very far off, the little cry had stolen to his ear and faded away. Then he had said to himself that it was the night wind caught in some cranny of the house, and striving to get free. He had thrown open his window and leaned out, and trembled, when he found that the hot night was breathless, airless; that no leaf danced in the elm that shaded his study; that the ivy climbing beneath the sill did not stir as he gazed down at it with straining eyes.

It was not the cry of the wind, then. Yet it must be. Or if not that, it must be some voice of Nature. But the river had no such thrill of pain, of reproach, in its song. Then he thought it was some night bird haunting the eaves of his cottage, or the tangle of wood the country people called his garden. And he put on his clothes eagerly, descended the narrow staircase, and let himself out on to the path that curved to the white gate. But in the garden there was no sound of birds.

This was a year ago. Maurice remembered very well his long vigil in the garden, and how he had prayed that he might hear one note, one only, of a nightjar, or the hoot of an owl in the forest, so that the black thought just born in his mind might be strangled, and the shadow driven out of his heart. But his prayer had not been granted; and he knew he had not deserved that it should be. Towards dawn he went back into his house, and on the threshold, just as a pallor glimmered up, as if out of the grass at his feet, he heard the cry again. And he knew that it came from within the house.

Then the sweat stood on his forehead, and he said to himself, with pale lips, "It is the cry of the child!"

All the people of Brayfield-by-the-Sea were agreed on one point: The new doctor, Maurice Dale, young as he looked, was clever. He had done wonders for Mrs. Bird, the rich old lady at Ocean View. He had performed a quite brilliant amputation on Tommy Lyne, the poor little boy who had been run down by a demon bicyclist. And then he was well born. It got about that his father was an Honourable, and all the young ladies of Brayfield trembled at the thought that he was a bachelor. His looks were also in his favour. Maurice was pale and tall, with black smooth hair parted in the middle, regular features, and large black eyes. The expression he assumed suited him. It was curiously sad. But at first this apparent pathos was a great success in Brayfield. It was only at a later period that it was the cause of unkind tittle-tattle. In the beginning of Maurice's residence at Brayfield eulogy attended it, and applause was never far off. People said that Maurice was impressionable, and that the vision of pain upon which the medical student's eyes must look so closely had robbed him of the natural buoyancy of youth. Poor young man, they thought enthusiastically, he suffers with those who suffer; and this was considered—and rightly considered—a very touching trait in Maurice.

Brayfield was well satisfied with its new doctor, and set itself to be ill for his benefit with a fine perseverance. But, as time went on, the satisfaction of Brayfield became mingled with curiosity. The new doctor was almost too melancholy. It would not be true to say that he never smiled, but his smile was even sadder than his gravity. There was a chill in it as there is a chill in the first light of dawn. One or two particularly impressionable people declared that it frightened them, that it was uncanny. This idea, once started, developed. It went from house to house; and so gradually a spirit of whispering awe arose in the little town, and the vision of human pain ceased to be altogether accountable for the pale sorrow of the young doctor. It was decided that his habitual depression must take its rise

from some more personal cause; and upon this decision, gossip naturally ran a wild course. Since nobody knew anything about Maurice Dale, except that his father was an Honourable, rumour had plenty of elbow-room. It took advantage of the situation, and Maurice was more talked about than anybody in Brayfield. And Lily Alston, the daughter of Canon Alston, Rector of Brayfield, launched out into surmises, which, however, she kept to herself.

Lily, at this time, was a curious mixture of romance and religion, of flightiness and faith. She read French novels all night, and went to early service in the morning. She studied Swinburne and taught in the Sunday-school with almost equal ardour, and did her duty and pursued a thousand things outside of her duty with such enthusiasm that she was continually knocked up. On these continual occasions Maurice Dale was invariably sent for, and so an intimacy grew up between him and the Rectory, which contained the Canon, his daughter, and the servants. For Mrs. Alston was dead, and Lily was an only child. Real intimacy with a rectory means, above all things, Sunday suppers after evening church, and in time it became an unalterable custom for Maurice Dale to spend the twilight of his Sabbaths with the Canon and his daughter. The Canon, who was intellectual, and desolate, despite his daughter, since his wife's death, liked a talk with Maurice; and Lily, without having fallen in love with the young doctor, thought him, as she said to herself, "a wonderfully interesting study."

Lily's wild surmises, already alluded to, were born on one of these Sabbath evenings in winter, when she, the Canon, and Maurice were gathered round the fire after supper.

The sea could be heard rolling upon the pebbly beach at a distance, and the wind played about the skirts of the darkness. The Canon, happily at ease after his hard day's work, rested in his red armchair puffing at his well-seasoned pipe. Lily was lying on a big old-fashioned sofa drawn before the flames, a Persian cat, grave in its cloud of fur, nestling against her and singing its song of comfort. Maurice Dale sat upright, pulling at a cigar. It chanced that Lily had been away the week before, paying a visit in London, and naturally the conversation turned idly upon her doings.

"I used to love London," the Canon said, with a half sigh, "in the old days, when I shocked one or two good people here, Lily, by taking your mother to the playhouses. Somehow I don't care for these modern plays. I don't think she would have liked them."

"I love London, too," Lily said in her enthusiastic voice, "but I think modern plays are intensely interesting, especially Ibsen's."

"They're cruel," the Canon said.

"Yes, father, but not more cruel than some of the older pieces."

"Such as—?"

"I was thinking of 'The Bells.' I saw Irving in it on Friday for the first time. You've seen it, of course, Mr. Dale?"

Maurice, who had been gazing into the fire, looked up. His lips tightened for a moment, then he said:

"No, never."

"What, though you lived in London all those years when you were a medical student?"

"I had opportunities of seeing it, of course; but somehow I never took them, and I dislike the subject of the play greatly now."

There was a certain vehemence in his voice.

"Why?" the Canon asked. "I remember my wife was very fond of it."

"I think it morbid and dangerous. There are troubles enough in life without adding to them such a hateful notion as a—a haunting, a horrible thing that"—he looked round with a sort of questioning gaze in his dark eyes—"that must be an impossibility."

"I don't know," the Canon said, without observing the glance; "I don't know. A sin may well haunt a man."

"Perhaps, but only as a memory, not as a jingle of bells, not as a definite noise, like a noise a man may hear in the street any day. That must be impossible. Now, don't you say so?"

Lily, on her sofa, had noticed the very peculiar excitement of the young doctor's manner, and that his denial was really delivered in the form of an ardent interrogation. But the Canon's mind was not so alert after the strain of pulpit oratory. He was calmly unaware of any personal thrill in the discussion.

"I would not be sure," he said. "God may have what men would call supernatural ways of punishment, as well as natural ones."

"I decline to believe in the supernatural," Maurice said, rather harshly. "Grant that these bells might ring in a man's mind, so that he believed that his ears actually heard them. That would be just as bad for him."

"Then, I suppose, he is a madman," Lily said.

Maurice started round on his chair.

"That's a—rather shocking presumption, isn't it?" he exclaimed.

"Well," the Canon said, knocking the ashes slowly out of his pipe, "if you exclude the supernatural in such a case, and come upon the natural, I must say I think Lily is not far wrong. The man who hears perpetually a non-existent sound connected with some incident of his past will at any rate soon be on the highway to insanity, I fancy."

Maurice said nothing for a moment, but Lily noticed that he looked deeply disturbed. His lips were pressed together, his eyes shone with excitement, and his pale forehead frowned. In the short silence that followed on the Canon's remark he seemed to be thinking steadfastly. At last he lifted up his head with a jerk, and said:

"A man may have a strong imagination without being a madman, Canon. He may choose to translate a mere memory into a sound companion, just as men often choose to play with their fancies in various ways. He may elect to say to himself, 'I remember vividly the cry of,'" he stopped abruptly, then went on hastily, "'the sound of bells. My mind hears them. Let me, for my amusement, push on my imagination a step further, and see what will happen. Hark! It's done. My ears can hear now what a moment ago only my mind could hear. Yes, my ears hear it now.'"

He spoke with such conviction, and the gesture which he linked with his words was so dramatic, that Lily pushed herself up on the pillows of the sofa, and even the Canon involuntarily assumed an attitude of keen attention.

"Why, Dale," the latter said after a moment, "you should have been an actor, not a doctor. Really you led me to anticipate bells, and I only hear the wind. Lily, didn't you feel as I did, eh?"

Lily had gone a little pale. She looked across at Maurice. "I don't know that I expected to hear bells, father," she said, slowly.

As she said those words Maurice Dale for the first time felt as if a human being drew very near to his secret. Lily's glance at him asked him a question. "What was it that pierced through the wind so faintly?" it seemed to say.

"What then?" the Canon asked.

"I don't know," she replied.

Maurice got up.

"I must go now," he said.

The Canon protested. It was early. They must have one more smoke. But Maurice could not be induced to stay. As he walked rapidly homeward in the darkness, he told himself again and again that he was a fool. How could it be? How could she hear the cry—the cry of the child?

That night Lily did not read a French novel. She lay awake. Her fancy was set on fire by the evening's talk. Her girlish imagination was kindled. In those dark and silent hours she first began to weave a web of romance round Maurice—to see him set in a cloud of looming tragedy. He looked more beautiful to her in this cloud than he had looked before. Lily thought it might be wicked, but somehow she could not help loving mental suffering in others. And the face of Maurice gazed at her in the blackness beneath a shadowy crown of thorns.

Next day at the early service she was inattentive to the ministrations of religion. Her father seemed a puppet at its prayers, the choir a row of surpliced dolls, the organ an empty voice. Only at the end, when silence fell on the kneeling worshippers, did she wake with a start of contrition to the knowledge of her impiety, and blush between her little hands at her concentration upon the suspected sorrow of the young doctor. But in that night and that morning Lily ran forward towards Maurice, set her feet upon the line that divides men from women. She knew that she had done so only when she next encountered him. Then, as their eyes met, she was seized with a painful idea of guilt, bred by an absurd feeling that he could see into her mind, and know how all her thoughts had been crowding about him. It is a dangerous symptom, that sensation of one's mind being visible to another as a thing observed through glass. Lily did not understand her danger, but she was full of a turmoil of uneasiness. Maurice noticed it, and felt conscious also, as if some secret understanding existed between him and Lily; yet there was none—there could be none.

(To be continued.)

Prize Goats and Their Pedigrees.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

ARISTOCRATIC GOATS.

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THERE is no house possessing a goat but a blessing abideth therein; and there is no house possessing three goats but the angels pass the night praying there," is an "appreciation" of the animal attributed to Mahomet. The goat is, and always has been, a creature valued in the East on its merits. In the West, it has always ranked among the least considered of domestic animals. This difference of opinion is doubtless partly due to the difference of climate and of food available. In the East, where rich pasture is scarce, the sheep does not generally develop into the model domestic animal which it has become in the West, nor is its wool so abundant.

The Eastern goat, on the other hand, suits the barren lands, likes the heat, and is of equal value with the sheep in some respects, while it surpasses it in others. Where mutton is so lean and dry as in Syria and Arabia, it makes little difference whether the meat in the *pillau* is kid or lamb. In addition to its value as a substitute for mutton, the goat, especially the breed of Syria, of Angora, and of Thibet, yields hair even more valuable than wool; and in all the arid regions of the East, except among the camel-keeping tribes, it takes the place of the cow as the milk-giving animal.

People seldom make mistakes for centuries in matters which



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A MINOR DAIRY ANIMAL.

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affect their pockets. But it is rather doubtful whether the consistent neglect of the goat in England was ever justified on economic grounds. In any case, the members of the British Goat Association do not think so, and are doing their best to introduce improved breeds, and to make the public acquainted with the merits of the well-bred goat as A MINOR DAIRY ANIMAL. Without forming quite as high an estimate as the prophet



The o. C. Reid. A HOMELY TOGGANBERGER.

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Mahomet of the contingent blessings conferred by goats, they do claim that the creature is a household animal, and that it ought to rank on even terms with the poor man's pig, becoming indeed the poor man's cow, especially in country places where cow's milk is seldom sold retail. A good goat produces as much as half a gallon a day of particularly rich milk. But, unlike the cow, it does not need three acres or even one acre of meadow. On the contrary, it prefers to pick up a living in the most unpastoral spots, and will eat almost anything of vegetable origin, from waste paper to hedge clippings. It is far healthier when kept in a stable-yard than in a meadow, and will thrive when picketed on railway embankments or in brick-yards, or when kept in the little back courts of artisans' cottages. Goats give plenty of milk when kept in these very modern surroundings and fed on such food as the pruning of fruit trees, oats, hay (in small quantities), with cabbage stumps, beans, dead leaves, horse chestnuts, acorns, potatoes, or even on porridge. Salt is the only condiment they need with this rough fare. In Switzerland and the Mont d'Or district of France they are kept in large dairies, and regularly fed in stalls, milked, and the produce made into valuable cheese. But the object of the British Goat Association is to promote, not the formation of dairies,

but the keeping of family goats. The milk is almost the best known for children. Another great advantage is that goats are almost free from tuberculosis, consequently the danger of children contracting consumption from drinking milk is avoided by its use in place of cow's milk. Like most domestic animals which have become almost entirely the property of the poor, the greater number of English goats have degenerated. Not even a Mahomedan angel would be greatly struck by the blessings contingent on their presence in a household. The poor little nanny goats often seen tethered on commons gave little milk, and produced inferior offspring. It was necessary to obtain an improved stock, and then establish a race of ARISTOCRATIC GOATS with pedigrees. As in the case of the thorough-bred horse, we went back to the East for the best blood, and imported the beautiful dark and smooth Nubian breed. These have coats almost as fine as a pointer's, and hanging ears. It was formerly known as the Dwarf African goat, and though a useful creature, does not, to our thinking, compare with the long-haired goats of Syria, flocks of which are every morning driven into Damascus and milked before the customers' doors. But the Nubian crossed very well both with the English breed and another valuable though ugly breed called the Togganberg, long established in Switzerland. Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Sunshine is a specimen of A HOMELY TOGGANBERGER; but most people would prefer the handsome cross-bred METEOR. The latter is standing on a fir-pole cut through, and laid across two thick logs. This is the tame goat's substitute for a mountain to jump about on and exercise himself upon. Sometimes quite elaborate trapezes are built for the goats to play on, which they do with the greatest eagerness.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

METEOR.

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Kids especially always need some such gymnasium, and few sights can be prettier than to see them jumping with unerring feet from point to point of their skeleton platforms and stages of pine-poles.

The goats' liking for mounting on anything higher than the floor is used by modern goat-keepers to lessen the trouble of milking them. Formerly the milkmaid knelt to do this, which caused fatigue. Modern goat dairies are equipped with a raised platform, on to which the goats jump. They can

then be milked comfortably, while the operator sits on a stool. The goats shown in our illustrations are the property of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, the President of the fostering association. That society now publishes annually a Stud Register, giving the names and owners of pedigree stud goats selected by the committee. All the latest information as to their care and management will be found in Mr. H. S. Holmes Pegler's "Book of the Goat," published by Messrs. Upcott, Gill, and Co. C. J. CORNISH.

THE CLEMATISES.

THE illustration we give here—of clematises over an arch—represents the grace and beauty of this glorious family of flowering climbers. Our own Traveller's Joy, that garlands the hedgerow with clouds of blossom in August, is not more graceful than many kinds from other lands. Some varieties seem tender, but their unhappy condition is more due to unsuitable soil than constitutional weakness, or the miserable practice of grafting instead of raising the plants from layers or cuttings. Good loam, with some lime, rubble, or chalk mixed with it, forms a good foundation, and clematises are unhappy in cold aspects and soils. It is in pruning that so many amateur gardeners come to grief. We may roughly divide the family into two divisions—one class that bears its flowers on young wood, and the other in which old growths are the ones to retain.

The spring-flowering Clematises must be pruned in late February or early in the following month, and these comprise the groups Florida, Lanuginosa, and Patens. Remove weak wood or old worn-out shoots, carefully training in strong shoots. The flowers of the Florida group are either double or semi-double, and the plants succeed well in pots for the greenhouse. A few good kinds are Countess of Lovelace, lilac blue; Duchess of Edinburgh, white and fragrant; Belle of Woking, heliotrope; and Lucie Lemoine, white with yellow anthers—a strong contrast.

The Lanuginosa group contains several handsome kinds, and the large lavender flowers of the type, from which the group takes its name, possess much charm. Other pleasing varieties are William Kenneth, a deeper blue than the preceding; Blue Gem; Lady Caroline Nevill, white, striped with mauve; and The Shah, rich lavender.

The Patens group is, unfortunately, tender, and must be protected from sharp spring frosts. The plants are welcome, however, in the conservatory. Select such beautiful varieties as Lord Londestrough, mauve; Albert Victor, lilac, one of the most precious; Miss Bateman, white; Mrs. Quilter, pure white; Lady Alice Neville, lilac; Edith Jackman, pinkish white; The Queen, violet; and Fair Rosamond, pale blue.



Photo. by F. Mason Good.

CLEMATIS ARCH AT WINCHMORE.

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The Jackmani varieties are the most popular of the clematises. C. Jackmani is the deep purple flower which fills many a garden with colour in late summer, and it seems to succeed well everywhere. A few good varieties are Lilacina floribunda, pale lilac; Tunbridgensis, deep bluish purple; Star of India, puce, barred with red; Gipsy Queen, velvety purple; and Magnifica, reddish-purple. The Jackmani clematises require severe pruning. Cut back the growths to within about a foot of the base, and the late autumn is the time for this work. The Viticella group requires similar treatment to C. Jackmani, and flowers about the same time. The flowers are very rich in colour, especially the following varieties:—Earl of Beaconsfield, rose purple; Venosa, purple and red; Thomas Moore, violet-purple, with white anthers; Mrs. James Bateman, lavender; Rubra, crimson-purple; and Hendersoni, purple. Clematises are pretty when climbing over arches, trellises, or tree stumps, and there are many pleasing ways of using them.

THE KENNEL: CRUFT'S SHOW.

THERE is no denying the very strong hold Mr. Charles Cruft has on the dog-loving community of the metropolis. At one time it was feared that his annual show would swamp that of the Kennel Club, now held every autumn



Photo. T. Fall,

LADY GODIVA.

Baker Street.

at the Crystal Palace. That this has not occurred proves that the British public is not, after all, so impressionable, and that, like the acute promoter of the show, its members like their pound of flesh. Mr. Cruft is a good showman, and, by perseverance, pluck, and indomitable energy, has succeeded in securing a connection among dog owners that assures the success of any show he may promote. There is, however, such a thing as making restrictions far too irksome, and the explanation made last spring as to the awarding of special prizes in a way not intended by the donors proved that the Kennel Club were well advised in drawing from Mr. Cruft an admission as to his view on the matter. His now famous remark that he thought all people who gave special prizes did so with the object of seeking advertisement has not been forgotten; but the fact that in this year's schedule the disposal of all special prizes was most clearly defined, showed that the advice tendered Mr. Cruft had not been wasted. In a word, the show is now more worthy of patronage than ever it was; and who knows but that next year competition for all the specials will be as open as at other high-class shows? It should not be necessary to subscribe to the funds of the show before becoming eligible to compete for the very trophies that are worth the winning. Let such restriction be removed, and "Cruft's Colossal Canine Carnival" will be what it certainly deserves to be—the finest winter show in the world. The absence of so many prominent exhibitors proved that the fancy is divided in its estimate of the value of the exhibition.

It must not be thought that the show was not worthy of all the compliments showered upon it, mostly by scribes who derived their information from the printed slips considerably sent out by Mr. Cruft. Far from it. The entry was a very large one, but

in no way was it a record, as claimed to be the case. It could not compare with, for instance, the show held at Islington in 1863, at which, although there were but seventy odd classes, over 2,000 dogs were benched. The multiplicity of classes makes such a show as the one under notice most confusing to the layman who is ignorant of such designations as breeders', open, limit, puppy, novice, and special novice classes. In the old days these manufactured sections were unknown, and in most of the shows there were but two great divisions, sporting and non-sporting, the classes being sub-divided, as of course they ought to be, into dog or bitch. Nowadays the schedule with the largest number of classes is popularly supposed to be the most attractive, but to the doggy student the 500 odd classes at many shows would be far more representative of the real strength of the fancy were they reduced to 50. With the same dogs in the same classes it is virtually so even now, and had each breed catered for been classified simply as dog and bitch, there would have been at Cruft's something like 100 classes instead of close on 600, the greater number of which were not familiar to more than half the people present.

There were, however, some excellent sections, one full of interest to lovers of the terrier family being that for Scottish Terriers. Dandies, Skyes, Roseneaths, and the Scottish proper, a prominent exhibitor in the latter being Mrs. Fred Holmes, of Shipley, Yorks. This lady benched two of the trio forming the pretty group of which a photograph is given. The absentee was Heather Chieftain, the veteran of the kennel, who was first shown by the Yorkshire lady at Holland Park in 1896. He has since won at all the leading shows in the country, and is looked upon with very great favour by the most prominent judges. Staveley Beau and Staveley Snip have been in the Shipley kennel since they were eight weeks old, and great was the delight of their proud owner when the latter won championship honours at Liverpool a week or two ago. They are, indeed, a very handsome trio, and, if appearances count, are all that their owner claims—"the best companions and the gamest little dogs it is possible to find."

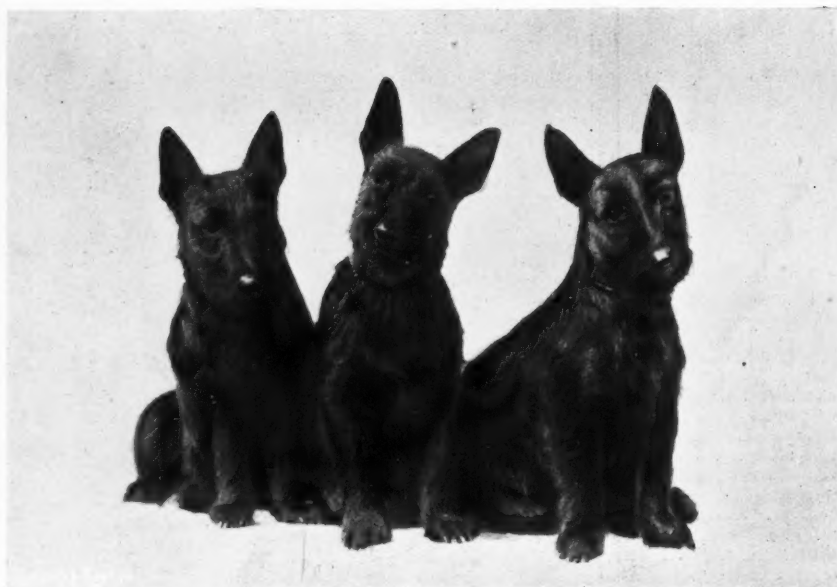


Photo. by Hubert Henry,

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.

Bairdfor...

We never met anyone who has once kept "die-hards" that would admit the existence of a better variety. They are quaint little animals, game to the death, and equally firm in their likes and dislikes.



Photo. by Byrne, HERON HOUSE SKIPS.

Richmond.

spotted beauties were one of the features of the show. The North Country lady has done much for the variety, and it is indeed a pity that interest in Dalmatians as a show variety is on the wane. They have been referred to as useless dogs, a gross libel, as Mr. E. T. Parker, owner of the recognised Champion Coming Still, is prepared to prove to the satisfaction of anyone. He avers that they can be trained to do the work of Pointers—a variety they very closely resemble in many particulars—and, as all readers of "Dagonet's" delightful babble know, they are unequalled for following a trap or any other conveyance. There is at present a boom in the variety, there being more really first-class specimens in the West End of London than anyone not in the know would imagine. There is just a chance of the variety regaining its lost prestige, for at Cruft's the entry was more representative than has been the case for a considerable time. The winner in open dogs, Champion Moujik, is very typical, his evenness of colour and characteristic head easily carrying him to the front.

Another very pleasing feature of the show was the excellent section of Schipperkes, Mr. G. R. Krehl drawing a wonderfully good entry. This is only as it should be, for there is no man in the South better able to give an opinion as to the relative merits of specimens of the little bargee dog. For some time the variety has been under a cloud, and the virtual retire-



Photo. T. Fall,

BARNEY BARNATO,

Baker Street.

ment of Mr. I. N. Woodiwiss from the ranks of exhibitors was a sad blow to the fancy. In the South, however, Dr. C. D. Freeman has worked hard and long to place the variety on a thoroughly sound basis, and that his efforts have been crowned with no inconsiderable success was proved at the comparatively unimportant show at Earlsfield last July, when one of the best provincial entries on record put in an appearance. Mrs. Skewes-Cox, wife of the member for the Richmond division, is one of the ardent admirers of the variety, and, as at Earlsfield, the HERON HOUSE SKIPS met with very great success, despite the keenness of competition. Richmond Piot and the breeders' cup he won—in which is his puppy Piotina—and Jubila, another of his offspring, make a pretty picture of a variety far too little appreciated in England. Of all the importations into this country, the Schipperke is about the only one a lover of dogs for their own sake can take to. They are very vivacious, and make excellent companions, either walking or riding, added to which they are hardy little animals.

The writer was not the only enthusiast disappointed at the non-appearance of Mr. G. R. Sims's Bulldog BARNEY BARNATO at the Islington Show. This smart young dog would, however, have found competition exceedingly keen, for many of the best kennels in the country were represented. From Scotland both Mr. W. S. Clark and Mr. G. C. Tod "came, saw, and conquered," despite the fact that the Southern members of the Bulldog Club turned up in rare force. As usual, immense interest was taken in the judging of this section, and Mr. Jack Ellis, who courteously stepped into the breach at the last moment—the selected judge being indisposed—seemed to please everybody, himself included. This was a smart performance, considering how very critical are most members of the little ring



Photo. by Hubert Henry,

MARVEL.

Bradford.

governing the destinies of the breed. There is, however, a big chance of the split in the ranks being healed, for at a recent meeting of the Bulldog Club, a gentleman—Mr. Cyril Jackson to wit—very closely connected with the opposition body, the British Bulldog Club, was nominated for election on the list of judges. Time is a great healer. Who would have thought after the row at Gloucester a couple of years ago that this would have come to pass?

The big family of Terriers was exceedingly well catered for at Cruft's, and a very signal triumph in Airedales was the dual championship win falling to the Clonmel kennel. MARVEL and his mate Sensation were the lucky animals, and their performance in face of the keenest Yorkshire competition was most marked. No greater success has been achieved since the formation of the South of England Airedale Terrier Club, a little more than twelve months ago. The breed was previously very little known south of Sheffield, but now the number of breeders has increased almost a hundred-fold, and the game terrier will by the success of the Southern kennels gain very many new admirers. The specimen of which a photograph is given was bought in November, 1896, in a selling class at Reading for £3, and resold two days afterwards for £80! But for the chance visit to the show of a keen metropolitan dealer, he might have lived to this day the property of a man who failed to appreciate his merits. He now stands quite at the top of the tree.

In this notice no attempt has been made to deal with the show as a whole, only the most prominent sections being criticised. The majority of the winners in the remaining classes were old show-goers, there being a very marked absence of new animals of merit.



SINCE mentioning that the preliminaries in connection with the trials of the Sporting Spaniel Club were in course of arrangement, Mr. Castellán has issued an official circular. Mainly on account of Mr. Arkwright's absence from England, the trials will not be held until December or January next, but as the president has granted permission for the use of his Sutton Scarsdale estate, in Derbyshire, for the purposes of the trials, the committee are thus early relieved of the great worry of securing a suitable venue. Although the competitions will be open to all, only members of the club, owners of competing dogs—or their representatives—and accredited reporters will be admitted to the trials. This is, indeed, a wise precaution, for the presence of a crowd would undoubtedly be prejudicial to the success of the trials. Each dog will be worked singly, and among the chief points to be considered by the judges will be scenting power, keenness, obedience, freedom from chase, method of beating, retrieving and perseverance in questing game, both alive and dead. The trials certainly bid fair to be of very great interest, and as owners have been given timely warning, training can be done far more thoroughly than would have been possible had the notice been shorter. Most of the leading owners of sporting Spaniels are supporting the scheme.

Fox-terrier men are already preparing for the club show yet many months ahead, and which, it is expected, will this year be held at Leamington. This pleasant town is within a few miles of the very centre of England, and will, therefore, be a popular venue with the Northern members who last year complained, and with very good reason, too, at the selection of Brighton. As remarked at the time in COUNTRY LIFE, the show attracted little, if any, outside attention, and in this respect compared very unfavourably with Oxford and Derby, previous venues. The show held in the Varsity town in 1896 was, without exception, the best one of the long and successful series, and it may be years, if ever, before so grand a lot of Terriers—smooth or wire—are benched at any show. The club would, no doubt, patronise the North—Manchester, York, Carlisle, or Sheffield having been suggested—but for the fact that the show of the Fylde Fox-terrier Club, whose headquarters are at Lytham, is looked on as the representative Northern fixture. Mr. Robert Vicary has been already secured as judge for the next show, to be held early in April, and the Devonshire breeder has also accepted an invitation to officiate in a like capacity at the show of the Vienna Fox-terrier Club, to be held a little later in the spring.

By this time Mr. George Raper will be well on his way to New York for the great show to be held in Madison Gardens next week. To the astonishment of all his friends, the genial Yorkshireman turned up at Cruft's, his journey to America having been postponed until last Saturday, when he sailed from Liverpool by the Campania. He will be three weeks or a month away, and on his return will dispose of most of his famous Terriers. For the present, at all events, he will not show so much as he has done since founding the Wincolank kennel. His partial retirement will give others a chance, but his famous team, the best all-round one—with the exception of Sir Humphrey de Trafford's—in England, will be missed at all the leading shows. There is no more familiar figure in the canine world than Mr. Raper, and it is to be hoped that he will now more frequently place his valuable services at the disposal of show committees than has been the case for the last few years. As an all-round judge he is without an equal.

BIRKDALE.

O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.

THE following extract from a letter from Ireland seems to contain an account of the hunt of the week:—"I got away on three days' leave last week to stay with the —s, who promised me a mount with Lord Huntingdon. . . . I found a good type of Irish horse awaiting me at Inane, and a very hard-looking field, though not quite got up in Melton fashion. As I knew nothing of the country, I resolved to keep an eye on the huntsman and trust to my horse a good deal. Thanks to the latter, I was enabled to keep up my character, and did not, I trust, disgrace the Quorn Hounds button. A great lengthy fox went away from Mr. Jackson's coverts at Inane, and I conclude the run was circular, for two hours later I found myself standing beside my horse while hounds raged over an earth in the same coverts, into which he had scratched himself. Distance fifteen miles, so said the local geographer. The going mostly sound and good, the falling soft. But the banks and walls take some doing, I can assure you. As far as the fences go, they are far more alarming than Leicestershire obstacles, but the horses get over them in a marvellous way, and with such ease that the fence which was so threatening as you rode at it seemed like nothing once you were across. The latter part of the hunt was exciting, as hounds were straining hard at the fox's brush, and screaming for blood. I fairly forgot all about the fences, and, hustling the old horse along, got a fall, which, like most of our falls, was my own fault. If I had let him alone he would never have come down. These hounds have had a good season. The Hastings family, having the old pack again, is popular, and the master makes a capital huntsman—another instance of the old idea that the best possible training for a huntsman is early work with harriers."

When I found at Gaddesby that frost and snow held the ground, and that there was every chance of our not seeing hounds for a day or two, I decided to take this opportunity of visiting one of my old hunting grounds in Lincolnshire. The Southwold country I had a telegram from to say that hunting was quite possible on Monday, and might be good on Tuesday. The meet on the latter day was at the Red Lion, Revesby—the red brick hotel which stands at the gates of the picturesque Revesby Abbey, the seat of the late Right Hon. E. Stanhope. Once more I found myself trotting over the familiar road, the sight of the landmarks on which seemed to take off the years that had passed. Some things one forgets, but never the country over which one has hunted. The

master had just arrived as I came up, and was receiving a warm welcome from the hounds, which were doubtless descendants of the old ones I had known, but with, I thought, necks and shoulders somewhat improved on what I remembered in the past. Curiously enough, a little incident happened that recalled the very last time I was there. Nothing uncommon or unlikely, but just a coincidence. The hounds were going on, having drawn, when a fox was hollered away by the foot-people. No doubt an outlier. Back came the master galloping, the pack swung eagerly over the line, hovered, and then drove forward a few yards and began to hunt in a way that showed there was but little scent. The stormy gusty weather accounted for this. Hounds hunted on till the fox fairly ran them out of scent. Then came lunch, and as we jogged along the clouds cleared, the squalls blew over, and when we came to the little spinney at Claxby Pluck-Acre—said to hold a fox—everyone felt that if the fox were there we could hunt him. Curiously enough, again the fox chose to run over ground the most familiar in the hunt. A straight five-mile point he made from Reevesby to the north covert at Raithby Hall. Here, no doubt, we changed foxes, the Raithby coverts being naturally favoured by the race. On the way there the once well-known country seemed the same. But do they dig the ditches wider and lay stouter and higher binders than they used to, or is it —? Still, we got there, and then the venom and pace were out of the run, and hounds worked back and round, crossing Sow Dale, and eventually, after some twisting, being run off scent at Lusby cross roads.

Wednesday was spent in travelling, and I did not, therefore, have my day at the Belvoir at Buckminster. They had a capital run after a fox that somewhat mysteriously appeared in the middle of the park after the Spinnies had been drawn blank. They say the pace was fast after Sproston was left, but who cares to record the run he has missed? Besides, people do exaggerate so when not there.

Thursday was our bye-day with the Quorn, to make up for the lost day on Monday. We cannot afford to lose a day now, and that is one blessing of our present master, Lord Lonsdale—he is not likely to let us do so if he can help it. But the best intentions cannot help bad scent and open earths, and between walking after foxes and baling others, which popped underground almost before we knew they were out, there was no great sport. Ill-luck never goes alone, and a trusted horse slipped up on the way back, and though I got off with a bruising I can hardly hope for the saddle before Monday or Tuesday.

The Bedale Hounds had a capital day's sport on Friday last, when the fixture was at Danby-on-Ure. The first fox from Danby Whin afforded a sharp thirty-five minutes' gallop before he got to ground. A second fox from Croft Wood took the field at a rare pace to Thornton Steward, and across the best pastures by the river-side, eventually securing safety in an old drain at Dolly Bog, after a forty minutes' run. Three foxes were found at Marriforth, and hounds settling on the line of the one that bore away towards Jervaulx Station, gave the field a pretty hunting run in the afternoon. X.

VARIOUS PASTIMES.

THERE is no subject on which it is less safe to be prophetic than the inter-Varsity Association match. Last year Cambridge were quite certain to win, but lost, after a scrambling match, by one goal. It has become usual in this encounter to discard science. This year the sides are as nearly equal as can be in every way; the results of past matches correspond minutely in most details, and each team has five old Blues. At the same time Cambridge are just now, since Burnup has come up to play and Simpson returns to back, much stronger than they have been, and are fairly consistent, while Oxford have been playing a most extraordinarily in and out game. Both teams are now finally made up, and it is clear, on paper at least, that goal-keepers excepted, Oxford are much stronger in the back division, and it may well be that Adams and Timmis as last year may break up the Cambridge combination. Both teams have had difficulties in settling on their centre forward. At Oxford R. E. Foster, who has formerly represented the Varsity in both cricket, racquets, and golf, will oust Morgan-Owen, who has temporarily completely lost his old skill, and at Cambridge Moon has earned his place by consistent goal

kicking. A fine and fast match should be seen at Queen's Club on Saturday, and, looking at the strength of the forwards, goal kicking should be frequent and free.

In preparation for the match Oxford have been playing a great number of matches. They have successfully defeated Ealing by seven to none, and N. L. Jackson's eleven by five to two, but lost to Clapton on Saturday by three goals to none. The match was most disappointing, for though the forwards were well together and played with a good deal of dash, they were quite pitiful in front of goal, and shot straight at the goal-keeper with unerring precision.

In view of the excellence of Camp: ell in goal for Cambridge, the omens for next Saturday's match would seem none of the best. The halves, too, were unable to play up to their class, and unless they improve will be no match for Alexander and Burnup. Cambridge, on the other hand, won a good match against a strongish Carthusian team by two to love; Moon and Taylor, who were both playing a sound game, being responsible for the points. It is true that earlier in the week Cambridge lost to Millwall Athletic, but the professionals are a good hard team, and were lucky in winning. The Varsity had none the worst of the game, but were unlucky, and a little weak in front of goal. The defence showed itself much improved, and Simpson played a really great game at full back; though oddly Campbell, for almost the first time in his career, let through quite a soft shot. Cambridge will start favourites at Queen's Club, but then so they did in the Rugby match last term, and the Association last year.

Though Rugby football at the Varsities has not the same intensity as last term, there is, especially at Oxford, much excitement to keep up the record of the team. Excepting those few matches on tour, which never seem to count, Oxford are still undefeated, and appear to still improve. In spite of the absence of Smith, who unfortunately is not at all well, the fifteen managed to beat Croydon by twenty points to nothing. The feature of the day was Newton's play at three-quarters; he has improved immensely, and rumour has it that he was very nearly selected to represent Scotland. Perhaps in the very probable event of Smith being too unwell to take the field, he may yet have a chance of getting his International cap.

The Cambridge fifteen were less fortunate; they met Blackheath at their strongest, and found them just too good forward and steady in defence. Bennett managed to get in once by a very clever run, and Pilkington was often dangerous, but on the whole Livesey and Jacob at half for Blackheath were too quick for the Varsity halves, and gave their three-quarters plenty of openings, which both Roys and Rolinson improved on. The former is better than ever since his recovery from his accident, and should have a chance for his International cap.

The week provided one great surprise in club matches, when the London Scottish, who seemed to have fallen from their high estate, gained a decided victory over Richmond on their own ground. It must be a very long time since the Richmond team have so collapsed. As mostly happens, the half-backs were responsible. Both Rotherham and Schwarz were prevented by their injuries from playing, and their usual substitutes were also unavailable, so that it was necessary to have resort to two halves from the "A" team, who, unfortunately, could not rise to the occasion. Their many mistakes were often splendidly cancelled by the tackling of the three-quarters, but nothing atoned for weakness at half, and, as the match went, Richmond were distinctly lucky to lose by so small a margin.

Excitement about the University eight runs very high at Cambridge. Perhaps the very keenness that the boat should at last snatch a victory has in one way helped to produce this unfortunate disagreement among the doctors. There is still a section who hold that the coaches have caused a needless revival of an old dispute by inviting Brown and Pearson, two of last year's rejections, to come up and try for their place. But matters are settling down. R. C. Lehmann has written a most soothing article in the *Granta*, paying a well-merited testimonial to Fletcher's skill and goodwill as a coach, and, which is more important, showing that in spite of all changes the boat shows signs of developing into a really fine crew. Steele, the only Hall man in the boat, is improving daily as a stroke, and there is already in the boat signs of that "lift" which has distinguished the late Oxford crews. Both the Varsity eights will go into training next week, and the opinion of experts will be forthcoming. At present the Oxford crew is not quite so good as its individual talent would indicate, and as yet neither Darling nor Herbert has caught the style of the rest. But the time is early; it is something at this date even to have the crew fixed; the only possible change will be the substitution of Timné for Pitman at bow. The latter is doubtless the better waterman, but there is some doubt as to whether he has strength enough to last the race, and many authorities therefore think that Timné would be the safer selection.

Stock Exchange Coursing.

NO more successful coursing meeting than the one on the Cooling marshes in the Hundred of Hoo has been held in the South this season. It was under the joint management of the Eastern Counties' and Stock Exchange Coursing Clubs, and with the stake open only to members of the House filling, no difficulty was experienced in arranging a most attractive card. The draw was at the Bull, Rochester, where most of those interested in the meeting put up over-night, and drove early next morning to Cooling, via Strood, Higham, and Cliffe, to the meet at the Horse Shoe, a distance of seven miles. Here the town contingent who had stayed at Gravesend were met, the turn-out being most encouraging. It seemed, in fact, that the sport had taken a new lease of life in the South, and it will be some time before the success of the inaugural meeting of the Stock Exchange Club is forgotten. The marshes provided grand sport, fur being very plentiful, and not once during the two days did interest in the proceedings flag. Wild Rover, who won the Harris Cup at Rainham a week or two back, added to his laurels, as good judges expected he would do, by winning the big event in very handsome style. That he is a sterling greyhound cannot be denied, for he ran all his trials in very resolute style, and is not far removed from the very front rank. What a bargain at £10, the price at which he was picked up at the Barbican a few weeks ago.

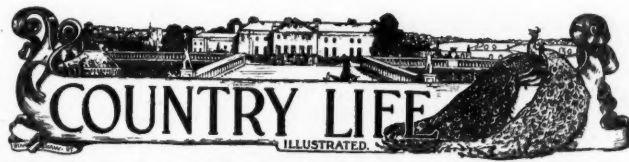


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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration—and if suitable to accept and pay for—photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, bearing upon any of the subjects of which COUNTRY LIFE can treat, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of unsuitable contributions, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance.

"Scale-Bug."

THE Germans have done a drastic deed in forbidding the importation of fruit from America. It is especially drastic in view of the immense numbers of Germans (Americæ "Dutchmen") settled in the States; indeed, as an American lately observed to the writer, "the American nation is not composed of Americans now, but of Germans and Irishmen." In all likelihood the wholesale prohibition is fully justified. It is likely that we should find justification for a similarly thorough provision in our own defence, only we have a sentiment that extends a peculiar charity to the Ribston and the Newtown pippin—a sentiment of affection for them as for a survival from the Arcadian days of "Cranford," and also a peculiar appreciation of their rare flavour on the palate. Anything, therefore, that could persuade us to a measure banishing from our taste such precious delicacies would have to be dire indeed. And, in truth, the reason is dire enough. That which the Americans, with their light-hearted happiness in nomenclature, style the "scale-bug" is a very dire pest, and he has appeared in Germany on some fruit imported from America. He is alive, very much alive, though it is a mistake to suppose that the scales, which are the most obvious, are also the most lively part of him; they are rather the home or shield of the domestic life within; for small though they are, these scales are the covering not only of individuals, but also of families, that increase and multiply at a prodigious rate. Though the Americans style them, along with every other thing of an insect kind, scorpions and centipedes not excluded, "bugs," this is not a correct scientific description of them. They belong, rather, to the family of coccidæ, and have the appalling power of reproduction of our little friend the green fly, or aphid, with whom they claim some cousinship, of our own rose trees.

It is said that it is yet to be proved that the "scale-bug" is capable of making itself at home under the altered conditions that it will find in Germany. It is true that the fact has to be proved, but all that we know of the "scale-bug's" previous history

seems to credit it with excellent capacities of adaptation, and a colonising faculty scarcely less than that of the Anglo-Saxon himself. When the writer was in California he chanced to hear some rather parlous tales about this "scale-bug," and though California is notably a land of "tall stories," still, in its main features, one tale was so identically repeated by different narrators—not always the case with Californian stories, especially when told to the "tenderfoot" from England—that it seems to deserve at least the credit of a high degree of probability. The story then told was that the "scale-bug," hitherto unknown in the United States, was introduced into the country on some oranges coming from South America. The Anglo-Saxon colonies, if America will forgive the pride we take in still speaking of the States as among the number, have suffered a good deal from the creatures that our older civilisation has given them. We have given Australia the rabbit, for which boon she does not always bless us; and to the American continent we have given our sparrow—to the native birds of America a gift scarcely less terrible than the wooden horse presented to the good people of Troy. Both rabbits and sparrows, in the new homes of their respective adoption, multiplied exceedingly, and it was no otherwise with the "scale-bug," after he had effected his first landing at San José. He spread over the orange orchards so quickly that he threatened soon to be ubiquitous over all the "citrons gone." But then science stepped in. Science, in the person of a venerable professor, went to the original home of the "scale-bug"—South America, as was commonly believed, though some averred that he had been imported from Australia. In any case, it was deemed, on the principle that where Nature produces a pest she also provides an antidote, that in the home of the "scale-bug" would be found something to check his undue increase, for in his own home he was not known to be so great a pest as he promised to become in his adopted land. And this professor returned with a little box, in which were a number of insects resembling lady-birds. These were the antidote that science, visiting the home of the "scale-bug," had found to check his increase, and by the importation of these it was hoped that a means would be found of keeping the new settlers within bounds. The result did not belie expectation. In a short while the hungry lady-birds, invigorated by the change of air, had stripped of all the "scale-bugs" the orchard into which they first were introduced. Thence they spread. Neighbours, also suffering from "scale-bug," came, on hearing the glad news, and laid boughs from their own orange trees, well stocked with "scale-bug," under the trees that the lady-birds were already beginning to denude of the scaly pests. The lady-birds descended on the new store, the owners of the boughs carried them home to their own scale-infested orchards, and in a short time the land was as well supplied with the antidote as ever it had been with the pest.

This was the way the story ran, and its dénouement, as narrated, was no less graphic and dramatic. When the lady-birds had cleared the country of "scale-bug," as after a short while they actually succeeded in clearing it, on what would they direct the energy of their appetite? This was the question that the orange-growers anxiously asked themselves. Would it be a case again of the English sparrow, originally introduced to clear the trees of Madison Square Gardens of a caterpillar plague that had attacked them, that stayed and took possession of their new country until they became a far greater pest than that which they had eradicated? The lady-birds answered the question in a manner eminently satisfactory to the orange-growers. Having finished off the "scale-bugs," they at once turned their delicate gastronomic attentions on each other, and in a short time had made such good Kilkenny cat work that not a lady-bird of them all was left in the land.

Such was the story pretty generally told, and pretty generally believed, in California some ten years ago. There is only one weak point about it as a record of fact—as a piece of fine art it appears to be without flaw—that it assumed the total extinction of the "scale-bug" before the lady-birds began to play at Kilkenny cats. The fact that the "scale-bug" has made its appearance in Germany, imported on American fruit, proves, at least, that the States are not without food for "scale-bug"-eating lady-birds now, whatever the case may have been at that time. The fact is not a conclusive argument against the veracity of these Californian fabulists, but it is significant. To give them the benefit of the doubt, we may accept the alternative that the "scale-bug" lurked undetected in a few isolated places unknown to the lady-birds, or, again, that they were really extinguished at the time, but effected a fresh invasion.

In any case, we believe the story to be so far true that there does exist somewhere, and probably in South America, an insect who makes the "scale-bug" its special prey, and it affords some prospect of consolation to those who have predicted a general devastation of European fruit trees under the "scale-bug's" attacks, that Nature in this instance, as in so many others, has provided an antidote, and an antidote that seems to be as capable of adapting itself to altered conditions of climate and country as the "scale-bug" itself.



A CONTROVERSY of interest to all persons connected with land is arising out of an important article contributed by Sir Walter Gilbey to the *Live Stock Journal Almanac*, always a valuable publication, for this year. For the moment we need not trouble ourselves with the argument until the melancholy fact has been stated in Sir Walter Gilbey's own words: "It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that foreign carriage horses have been streaming into this country to realise the highest prices obtainable, namely, from £200 to £300 for first-class single horses, and any sum from £500 to £1,000 for match pairs." These are figures to make a breeder's mouth water, and the news that we pay away annually for imported horses no less than £621,000 is distinctly unpleasant. We call it news because, although the figures were accessible to all, to Sir Walter Gilbey belongs the credit of having dug them out of masses of statistics.

It is not pretended, of course, that all these imported animals, or even the greater part of them, are the fine upstanding carriage horses in the breeding of which, according to Sir Walter Gilbey, we are being left hopelessly behind by the Continent. The importation of rough continental ponies, sluggish often, but remarkably sturdy of frame, for the London market must alone account for a very large sum of money. Few people are aware, by the way, how many ponies of this class are sold in the Caledonian Market regularly. Still the importation of carriage horses, at huge prices, into a country admirably adapted for the breeding of horses, and inhabited by a people who pride themselves on their knowledge of the qualities of the horse and upon their affection for him, is a serious matter. It seems but natural and proper that we should seek for a remedy, and that we should inquire what mistakes, if any, are made by our breeders or, for this also is possible, by our buyers. It does not follow that because foreign-bred horses are imported they are also the best.

Sir Walter Gilbey, staunch champion of the hackney that he is, is of opinion that this misfortune is to be traced mainly to the prejudice of English breeders against the hackney. Now, we are not advocates of the hackney as a hunter sire; we have recently expressed pretty plainly our opinions in that connection; but it is none the less certain that the friends of the hackney, headed as they are by Sir Walter Gilbey, who has devoted time and money without stint to the cause of horse-breeding, are entitled to a hearing. Being of that opinion, we propose to give space as soon as may be to a valued correspondent who disagrees with our views as to the breeding of hunters, a question into which again the hackney enters, and more's the pity. But really, it is to be feared, Sir Walter Gilbey's position is almost that of *Athanasius contra mundum*, so far as the hackney is concerned. Our contemporary the *Leeds Mercury*, naturally interested in a question which touches horse-loving Yorkshire on the raw, has been at the pains to consult authorities especially conversant with this subject—men like Mr. Hutchinson, president of the Coach Horse Society, and others, and they differ from Sir Walter Gilbey almost to a man. They are, however, disposed to regret that so many good mares of the coaching type have been permitted to leave the country. In fine, the one thing needful in the case of carriage horses, as in that of hunters, is by care and science and persistence in breeding to establish a race which shall breed truly. It is a long business; but success in it will repay a good deal of trouble and expense.

Nothing is easier, or more narrow-minded and ungenerous, than to sneer at Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Passmore Edwards concerning the "settlement" in Bloomsbury which has been opened in the course of the week; and no doubt it is true that the ideals and the principles of the settlement are above the heads of many whom it may be desired to benefit. But in very truth, few movements symptomatic of the modern growth of sympathy have started under happier auspices, or are more creditable to their originators. For it must be observed that though the Passmore Edwards settlement, under that name and with its beautiful buildings, is new, the lines to be followed in it have been pursued with success in the University Hall settlement, of which Mrs. Humphry Ward was herself the prime mover. Moreover, it is wonderful to think that this humanising institution, of which not the least valuable feature is the attention which is devoted to natural history, grew out of a suggestion in "Robert Elsmere."

No apology is needed for a quotation from that curious and, in its way, interesting book, since the passage certainly contains the germ of the Bloomsbury settlement. Here are Mrs. Humphry Ward's words:—"Three floors of rooms brightly furnished, well lit, and warmed; a large hall for the Sunday lectures, concerts, entertainments, and story-telling; rooms for the boys' club; two rooms for women and girls, reached by a separate entrance; a library and reading-room open to both sexes, well stored with books and made beautiful by pictures; three or four smaller rooms to serve as committee rooms and for the purposes of the Naturalist Club which had been started in May on the Murewell plan; and, if possible, a gymnasium."

It seems but a year or two, but it is really all but a score of years, since Mr. Rodd made his appearance at the Encænæa as the elegant undergraduate of Balliol who was the best poet of his day at Oxford. Now he has returned from a highly-successful diplomatic expedition to Abyssinia, which, to judge from the amusing book of Count Gleichen, who was one of his companions, might form the theme of a remarkably picturesque poem. We like the account of stately Menelik—to call him Negus reminds us of the unsophisticated children's parties of our youth—with his gold-embroidered cloak and his profuse under-clothing of fine linen. Moreover, the said Menelik received presents of magnificent description—skins of a Polar bear, tiger, black bear, and jaguar; silver salvers engraved with the lion of Judah, candle-sticks, gold inlaid rifles, silver-gilt ewer and basin, field glasses, embroideries and carpets, and "A Life of Alexander the Great printed in Ethiopic." His sable Majesty seems to have protested with all his heart that the Queen of this country understands the art of present giving. "Other nations treat me like a baby, and give me mechanical toys." Menelik probably does not know that in civilised Europe mechanical toys are the delight of the mature, a fact which causes some anxiety to pessimistic observers.

Those persons who have been to Holywell, in Flintshire, and have observed the numbers of afflicted men and women who visit St. Winifred's Well in desperate hope and in sincere faith, can hardly have failed to be touched. Religious considerations apart, the faith of these stricken creatures, even though to most of us it may seem to savour of credulity, calls for our sympathy. Legend, too, tells us that the district is full of the memories of St. Winifred. At the spot which is now the seat of the Sandbach family, for example, the bearers of the body of the saint to its last abode rested one night, and the place is called "Hafodunos" (the rest of one night) to this day. And now desecration is seriously proposed. An enterprising dealer in mineral waters proposes to bottle the miraculous waters and to sell them all the world over. From the romantic point of view merely we protest against this commercial spoliation of the English Lourdes.

Allusion is made elsewhere to the unfortunate differences which have arisen, not so much in connection with the constitution of the Cambridge crew, though they bade fair to affect that also, as with the training of the men. The salient facts appear to be that Trinity Hall, coached by Mr. Trevor Jones, do not approve of the style of rowing inculcated by the eminent oarsman of Oxford, Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher, who has lent his services to Cambridge. Now a man who has not acquitted himself with any conspicuous distinction at the oar may still be a good coach; just as a man, according to Mr. Bernard Shaw, may be a sound dramatic critic though he would be ridiculous on the stage. Still, judging men by their fruits, we should be inclined to trust Mr. Fletcher as a mentor more implicitly than most men; also, we are disposed to say that even conciliatory resolutions of the Hall Boat Club will not do away with the impression that Mr. Fletcher has not been treated quite graciously. Finally, for some years there has been too much squabbling over the Cambridge eight, and all friends of the University will trust that we have heard the last of it.

The death of the Master of Selwyn College, who was born so recently as 1844 and died on Sunday last, forces us to mourn the loss of a robust and typical Englishman. As an ecclesiastic, and particularly as a missionary clergyman, he was full of robust energy, and, when he returned from Melanesia, his hearty and informal manner won the heart of many a clergyman. A bishop, who did not disdain to travel third class was in the nature of a welcome change. A bishop, too, nurtured at Eton and Trinity, who had rowed three times for Cambridge between Putney and Mortlake, was a pleasant proof that muscle and athletic achievement need not necessarily be separated from brains. Nor was it the strain of University rowing that brought about Bishop Selwyn's all too early death. Malarial fever contracted in Melanesia had crippled him, and the weakness which followed upon it was the cause of the loss which Cambridge feels acutely.

Mr. R. J. Ussher, of Lismore, County Waterford, writes to an Irish paper offering £1 reward to anyone bringing him a freshly killed cuckoo before April, the bird to exhibit no signs of having been in captivity. This offer is made in consequence of its having been reported that "the harbinger of spring" had been seen and heard in the County Wicklow in January. Mr. Ussher is one of the best authorities on bird life in Ireland, and his scepticism on the matter of abnormally early cuckoos is shared by most naturalists. Professor Newton, in his fourth edition of "Yarrell's British Birds," says of the cuckoo:—"Its arrival has frequently been reported in March, or earlier still, but such records must be treated with suspicion, if not incredulity." Some years ago a cuckoo was seen very early in the year in Ireland, but it proved to be a bird of the American variety which had probably been blown across by strong westerly gales which prevailed at the time.

February is the month selected for catching stags in the royal parks and transferring the largest to London. In Richmond Park the largest stags will be taken in the "toils" between February 19th and March 1st. There is one exceptionally fine "royal" which is growing too large to be quite safe at Richmond, and whose pursuit and ultimate capture in the nets is looked forward to with considerable interest. Last year he succeeded in avoiding the "toils" by breaking away to right or left each time he was driven. The need for change of blood, as well as for proper manuring of the pasture of parks, is sometimes forgotten by owners of deer. This is the season at which to purchase stags or make exchanges.

The Japanese deer is now thoroughly acclimatised in this country, as well as in Ireland. Sir E. G. Loder's herd at Leonardslee have increased so rapidly that he intends catching and selling some twenty head. The price for the females is about £8, and that of stags £6. These are all bred in Sussex, and just the right animals for anyone who would like to start a herd of these handsome, plucky, and hardy little deer. We gave some accounts of the Leonardslee herd last summer. A subsequent acquaintance with the breed only increases the good opinion then formed of them. The little stags have none of the ewe-necked look of fallow bucks, or the legginess of red deer. They carry their heads with an air, are sturdily built, and have lovely coats, feed well, fatten well, and make most excellent venison.

The fine condition of Barnum's animals in the menagerie is somewhat of a puzzle. They are nearly all kept in caravan carts, with the minimum of accommodation, yet nearly all, with the exception of some bears, have fine glossy coats, are very good tempered, and show every sign of good health. Lions, tigers, leopards, wolves, and pumas sleep as tranquilly as cats in a window, and even the hippopotamus seems comfortable, though he lives in a cart. Dieting is said to be the secret of their good health. The meat food is constantly changed, and the quantity very carefully regulated. This agrees with the large carnivora much better than a monotonous course of raw horse-flesh or beef bones.

The elephant herd are the most interesting sight of the kind ever exhibited here. The best time at which to see them is at 3.15, when they have come back from the circus, where they perform in the opening scenes. The whole herd are then comfortable for the afternoon, and the great hall in the centre of which they live is almost deserted. The keepers are an exceptionally intelligent set, and the visitor has a chance of making acquaintance, by personal introduction, with elephants of very different tastes, characters, and sizes. One of the males is of enormous bulk. A back view as he walks down the passage shows like the stern section of an old line-of-battle ship, with the same "tumble home" towards the deck, represented in this case by the creature's back. One male is savage, and kept chained up. The most intelligent is a large female with one or two pink markings on her ears.

The mild weather is forcing on the pastures, and stock-keepers are wondering how they will get last year's great crop of roots and winter keep consumed. The price of store stock of all kinds is out of all proportion to the price of meat, and graziers will find very little profit this winter. The only people who are standing on velvet are the breeders. They seem to be having the best of the deal, and have done so for some years past. There is a remarkable absence of disease of all kinds. The lesson is that farmers should breed their own stock. Sheep on turnips have wintered very well, and are very forward in condition. Many of the tegs will be fit for the butcher in another month or so.

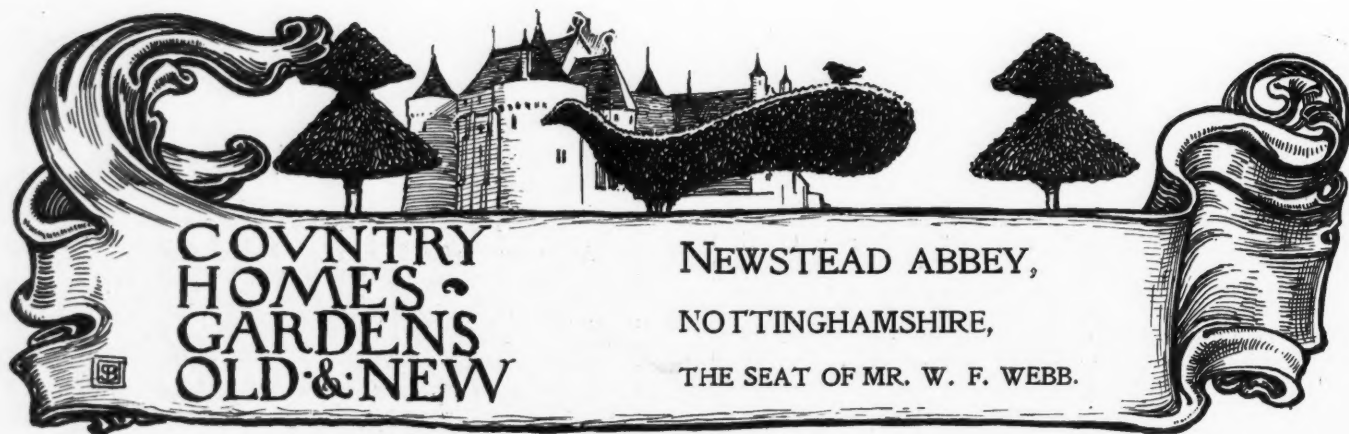
The same influence is visible in the corn markets, which have been less active during the past few days. There has been no appreciable drop in the price, but the demand has not been lively. Crop reports from the Continent are favourable. On the whole, the course of events seems to bear out our hints of a few weeks ago, when we recommended farmers to take advantage of the active demand then ruling. The prospects for next year's crop in this country are of the best.

Arrangements for the next coursing season are being already made, and, not unlikely, Masserene Park, in the North of Ireland, will, as this season, open the campaign. This enclosure has made a good successor to Purdysburn, and although lovers of open coursing are strongly opposed to the flukey character of the sport there, the meetings of the North Union Club are made so attractive that a representative entry is always assured. Of quite a different character, however, is the Hornby Castle gathering fixed by the Duke of Leeds for October 18th and following days, and the big produce stakes inaugurated so successfully at the commencement of the present season are certain to prove a strong drawing card. It is a fact indeed that the committee of the Border Union Meeting, to be held, as usual, over the Netherby estate of Sir R. J. Graham in the following week, have decided to make the one-time famous Puppy Stakes into produce events, to be named the Derby and Oaks, for an unlimited number of dog and bitch puppies respectively. In the South of England the Stock Exchange Club is instituting similar stakes.

We have spoken more than once lately of the apparent increase of pike in our rivers. Maybe it is the pike fisher that has increased as fast as the pike, for we measure the numbers in the water by the numbers that come out, on the principle that there are at least as good fish in the sea as have come out of it. But this fact, if we may take it as fact, of the pike's increase—in itself so flattering to the angler's hopes—is not without its bearing on another subject that we have also noticed in these columns: and in that connection its promise appears far less kindly—the proposal to make the Thames once again a salmon river by stocking it artificially with ova or with smolts. A pike is a good fish; but goodness is relative, and he is not a good fish when there are salmon about. The salmon, however, will not hurt the pike, but there is not the slightest doubt of the pike's hurting the salmon—and that pretty badly—in its younger stages. The twenty-pounder, or even the five-pound grilse, is probably safe enough from the biggest pike that ever ran away with a fisherman's bait and gimp trace, but there is not a question of the pike's liability to take toll—heavy toll—out of the smolts that we may confidently turn into the waters they haunt. The question that does arise is of the percentage on which they are likely to levy blackmail.

In fish life, more than in any other kind we know, Nature shows her prodigal wastefulness. Ingenious persons have calculated the number of eggs that are required to produce one full-blown red-herring, and the answer to the sum comes out in very many thousands. Of ova that may be laid down, of parr or smolts that may be turned in, a very large proportion must in any case, according to the life insurance tables of salmon, come to some violent end, which may mean pike, but certainly does not mean salmon. This we must be prepared for if the experiment of artificial salmon culture in the Thames is to be a success. But to suppose that the pike or other accidents will devour them all, is surely to go too far. A small percentage will assuredly reach the sea; whether they will return again to spawn is quite another question.

It is a question, too, that includes a further question that has been hotly raised—does the Thames, in fact, provide any suitable spawning beds for salmon? There are those that say "No," in spite of the undeniable fact that the Thames was once a salmon river—of a sort. A point in the discussion that is sometimes missed is that the "Thames," for the present purpose, does not mean merely the "silver Father" river himself, but also his numerous tributary children. Up any one of these tributaries the salmon may conceivably ascend to spawn, and he would need to be a man very confident of his geography who would claim such knowledge of all these as to assert that not one of them could provide suitable nurseries for the young fish. Probably, somewhere, there are nurseries as suitable as ever there were, and little as we know about the mysterious ways of salmon, it would be natural to think that by turning out the ova or parr in a place favourable for spawning purposes, a "suggestion" at least, as the mesmerist people style it, would be given to the salmon of the spot that they should seek on their return. On the whole, the prospects of the Thames as a salmon river seem less desperate than some folks would have us believe.



SO long as English literature lasts shall the fame of Newstead Abbey remain. Deeply loved for its charm of the eld, for its hoary walls, the deep solitude of its presence, the mystery of its tangled brakes, for the legends it cherished, and the dreams of dim romance and high emprise it could evoke, it was the home of the most brilliant poet, and most meteoric genius, perhaps, of modern days.

"It was a vast and venerable pile,
So old, it seemed only not to fall."

And Byron never saw it in its final prime. Neither the character of his stormy life, nor the means of which he disposed, enabled him to renovate its mouldering walls. His predecessor had left it desolate. The ruined Augustinian house of Newstead, which the Byrons had made their home, had stood a siege in the Civil War, when they fought well for the King. We do not forget Sir John Byron, the hero of Roundway Down, nor brave Sir Richard, who flew the royal flag at Newstead. Then slow decay crept on, and spendthrifts cut down the trees, while mud choked the lake and weeds the garden, and ruin threatened the venerable pile. The old lord, returned from his conflicts with the French, had raised mimic forts along the margin of the mere, on whose rippling surface floated a little frigate or other miniature man-of-war.

Horace Walpole visited Newstead in his time. He found "the hall entire, the refectory entire, the cloister untouched, with the ancient cistern of the convent and their arms on it; a private chapel quite perfect." "The park, which is still charming," he wrote, "has not been so much profaned; the present Lord has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks, £5,000 of which have been cut near the house. In recompense he has built two baby forts, to pay his country in castles for the damage done to the navy, and planted a handful of Scotch firs, that look like ploughboys dressed in family liveries for a public day."

The poet fitted up a corner of the house for himself, and,

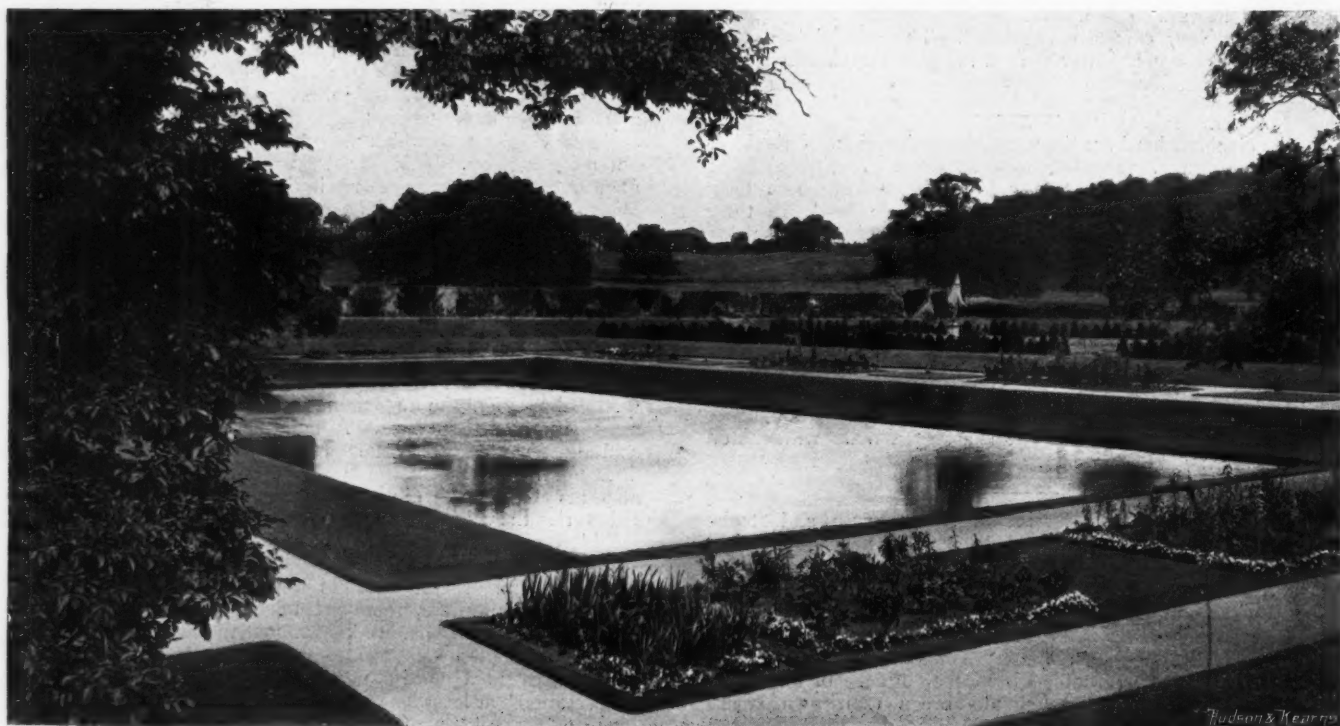
adjacent to the chapel, his bedroom remains almost as he left it. But the story of his life at Newstead must not be told here. They whisper that, for his profane revels, he dug up forgotten skulls from monastic graves for the making of drinking cups. But, in other moods and more often, that "glorious remnant of the Gothic pile"—with its ruined fane, its crypt, its great hall, and its cloister—filled him with wondrous thoughts.

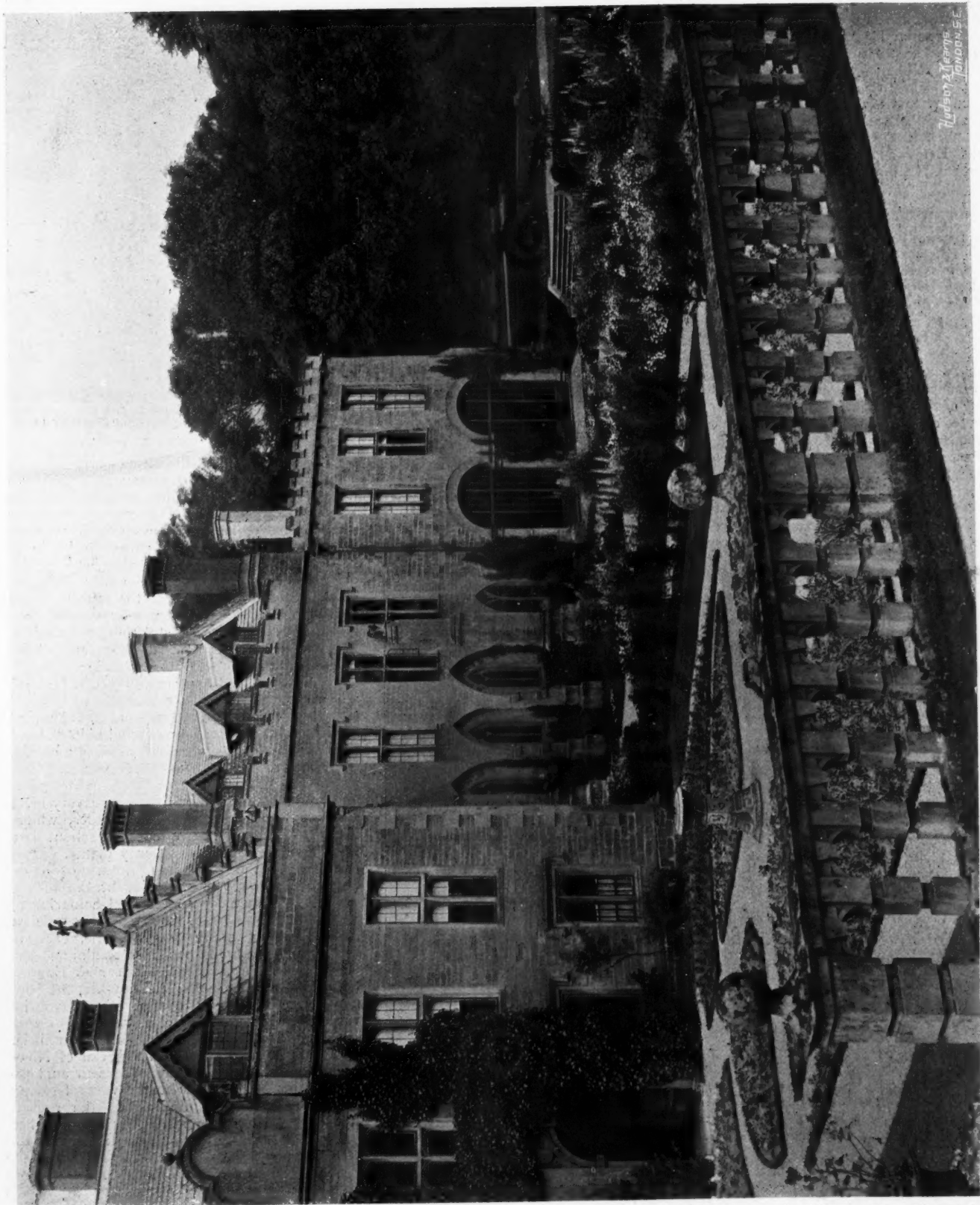
"A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate."

It is, indeed, as we may see to this day, a glorious fragment, rich in its details, and especially beautiful in its arcaded wall. The cloisters have a quaintness all their own.

"Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint."

But the pictures must show the reader what manner of house is Newstead. Elsewhere he will read how Byron dwelt there. Our quest for beautiful "Gardens Old and New" has brought us to gardens and grounds of many beauties. Theirs is, indeed, as will have been divined, a modern charm. The region is one of ancient forest; but many an oak of Sherwood had bowed beneath the stroke, and the beautiful woods that grace Newstead in these days were mostly planted by Colonel Wildman, who followed the poet in possession, bringing the decaying house to a condition of domestic charm it had not attained before, and carrying on a great work in beautifying the surrounding estate. But the final fascination of Newstead has been conferred upon it by Mr. Webb, who, with his daughters, is a true lover of country life, and is well versed in gardening lore. In good hands Byron's abode, with surroundings further altered





Hudson-Young,
London, E.C.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW: THE EAST FRONT, NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

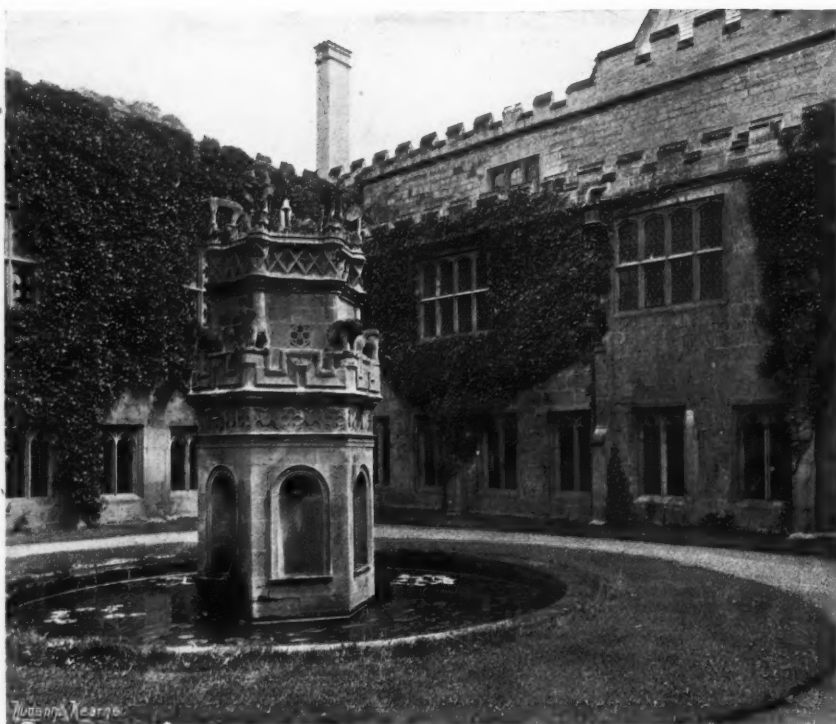
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and adorned, has reached a state of splendour which perhaps he could not have forecast. But his poetical allusions in "The Dream" to the house are, nevertheless, singularly apt and beautiful. There is a tenderly graceful reference to the "gentle hill," on which he said his last farewell to Miss Chaworth, a hill afterwards ruthlessly shorn by a strange hand of its "peculiar diadem of trees in circular array."

It rises hard by the beautiful lake, to which fine lawns and grassy steeps descend gently from the southern side of the abbey, where many a noble tree graces the slope—such a lake, we think, perhaps, as would make a home for many varieties of the hybrid water-lilies (*Nymphæas*), which, in the newer varieties, are glorious both in colour and form. Looking on Lake Leman, Byron, writing his lines "To Augusta," bethought him tenderly of the water by which he had often lingered at home.

"I did remind thee of our own dear lake
By the old Hall, which may be mine no more.
Leman is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore.
Sad havoc time must with my memory make
Ere that or thou can fade these eyes before."

Many memories of Byron are treasured at Newstead. Here, by the flower garden, is the oak he planted and celebrated in song. Not far away, beneath the shade of a noble cedar, is Boatswain's grave, where his favourite Newfoundland was buried. Near by, he himself wished to be laid, for he loved the gentle beauties of the spot. But enough, perhaps, of Byron, even in his home. Many things have happened since he last visited Newstead in 1813. In that generous soil the trees planted after his time have thriven well, and now we behold the beauties that spring from the judicious planter's hand. Mr. Webb has moulded the gardens afresh, and the Misses Webb watch them with judicious care. Much has been attained by the free use of hardy perennial flowers, which,



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THE CLOISTERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

boldly and picturesquely planted, will always create colour pictures of pronounced but not garish character. The fish pond of the monks has now most beautiful surroundings, and from every point of view new charms are disclosed. Whether we traverse the delightful native English garden, or survey the quaint features of the French parterres, or gather bowlfuls of blossoms in the garden assigned to Spain, or again examine the unfamiliar denizens of the tract of bamboos, or the multitudinous treasures of the rock garden, we feel that true lovers of Nature, possessed with a keen interest in its varied forms and developments, have invested the abbey with its fascination.

Newstead, with the many special features alluded to, and others, is essentially a garden of terraces, gentle grass slopes, and broad mixed borders, in which countless varied blooms have their home. The famous terrace is about 230yds. long, and is reached by a flight of steps, with moss-grown balustrades, and many shadowed seats for those who enjoy its pleasures. Every lover of flowers would revel in the border, which, when the terrace was remodelled about two years ago, was filled with hardy plants. Here the gorgeous flame-flowers (*Tritomas* or *Kniphofias*) make glowing scarlet breaks in the autumn, contrasted with the cool colouring of the star-flowered aster or *Michaelmas daisy*. Every leading family of perennials, each in its season—the well-known *Delphinium*, the German iris, and the Spanish and English bulbous kinds, the phlox, the day-lily, the sunflower, and an abundance of other favourite varieties, adorn this beautiful terrace.

But here, perhaps, we anticipate a little. In issuing from the hospitable portal of Newstead, there are first other gardens to explore. Let us therefore now, with the view of giving a more detailed examination to the special features of the grounds, defer our further account of Newstead to a later article.



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THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

LITERARY NOTES.

AFTER dispassionate consideration it seems to me that the grievance of authors and publishers in respect of the copies of books which they are obliged to present to the British Museum and to the great University libraries has not, save in one point, any substantial foundation. It is a hardship, no doubt, that when a prodigally expensive large-paper edition of restricted number accompanies a workmanlike edition of moderate price, the libraries should claim the more costly form, and that exaction might very easily be stopped. But at that point hardship ends. I venture to say, even against Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Stock, that this tax upon author and publisher is by no means paid for nothing, and that it is not paid otherwise than for value. The philosopher's books, for example, did not pay their way for many years.

It is hardly to be doubted that those barren years would have been more in number if his books had not been accessible to students, not over-rich, in the British Museum, at the Bodleian, in the beautiful library of Trinity College, Dublin, and elsewhere. Nor is this all. The State confers upon the author the statutory privilege of copyright, which adds very largely to the value of the product of his brain. The free copies are certainly not an extravagant price to pay for that privilege.

To those who know Dublin "Picturesque Dublin, Old and New," by Frances Gerard (Hutchinson), will appeal with special force. Emphatically it is a city of sorrowful memories, and the number of houses that once were great but now are portioned off into squalid dens for the very poor is painfully

striking. It would be a pleasant task to go through "dear, dirty Dublin" with the author for guide, and to re-people the mansions, dingy and decayed, with the memories of the wild and reckless persons who once inhabited them. But a contemporary is not entirely right in attributing all this desertion and decay simply and entirely to the past extravagance of the Irish aristocracy. It represents also a change of social habit. The history of the Irish capital is writ small in many English county towns, in which the town houses of the county gentry are now never occupied by the families for whom they were built. The immense increase of the facilities of travel is the real explanation of the change. Compare Lever's description of a cross-Channel passage of his time with the facts of to-day, and it is easy to see half the reason why the Dublin mansions are desolate. Moreover, the Irish gentry are, on the whole, wonderfully faithful to their capital. They may have ceased, as many great families in England have ceased, to maintain town houses, but all that is best in Irish Society filters through the great hotels of Dublin, the Shelburne and the Metropole, once or twice a year; and the process of filtration is slow, that is to say, the visitors stay a long time. This is not strictly a literary observation, but it represents knowledge of facts applied to a literary suggestion.

Mr. George Meredith was seventy years old on Saturday last, and the event was celebrated happily by the simultaneous publication in all the newspapers of a letter of congratulation from a number of very distinguished persons describing themselves as some comrades in letters. Two among the signatures, though they come from the hands of men of the highest eminence, strike me as peculiar. Mr. R. B. Haldane, for example, is one of the best Equity lawyers, and one of the most acute and exact thinkers in England. Lord Wolseley, again, is a great soldier. But neither is adequately described as a comrade in letters. Splendid as is the gathering of names, and illustrious as are many of the authors who are associated in the greeting, one cannot help thinking that this brilliant body of novelists, poets, historians, jurists, critics, artists, and warriors might have been described better as admirers and appreciators of a literary artist who, after long labour, has won the supremacy which he always deserved. The collected edition of Mr. Meredith's works, a worthy monument of his greatness, will be completed in May.

Mr. Heinemann's play, "Summer Moths," will probably have been issued from the Bodley Head before these words are printed; and it ought to have a great vogue, for to be banned by the Examiner of Plays may be exasperating, but it is a grand advertisement. Mr. Heinemann's complaint is that the Examiner would fain have substituted "un-morality" for "relentless morality." Presumably it will not be given to us to form an opinion of the value of Mr. Redford's alterations, but at least we shall have the opportunity of forming our own opinions on Mr. Heinemann's unadulterated work. To me personally that strong word "relentless" brings some apprehension; but with the book in our hands we shall see what it really means.

"Many Memories of Many People," by Mrs. M. C. M. Simpson (Arnold), is a book that charms not a little. As the accomplished daughter of Nassau, sen., the author met a great number of the eminent persons of whom the world is always eager to hear. Among them were Sir James Stephen, the great Whately, Wilkie, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Lord St. Leonards, the Carlyles, Sydney Smith, Thackeray, Mr. Gladstone, John Bright, Cornewall Lewis, and a score besides. Add to this that Mrs. Simpson possesses a pleasant style, a kindly taste and good judgment of the facts that are likely to interest, and enough has been written to show, without more words, that we have here a charming and fascinating book.

Few persons outside the ranks of professional numismatists are aware how interesting is the study of the coins of Great Britain, but a glance at Miss Rawlings's "The Story of the British Coinage" (George Newnes), with its hundred precise illustrations and more, will serve to convince even the most careless that there is pleasure to be gathered from numismatics. Miss Rawlings could no doubt tell us much that is worth knowing—for the history of coins goes side by side with the history of a people—of the coins of the pre-Norman ages; but in so doing she would be trespassing on the numismatic history of Rome. And her book, complete as it is from the Norman silver penny to the Jubilee sixpence of Queen Victoria, is of great value and usefulness as it stands.

A convenient book of reference which always is welcome at the opening of the Parliamentary Session is Debbett's "House of Commons and Judicial Bench," which is, as usual, complete and thoroughly up to date.

Books to order from the library:—

- "The Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyam." Translated by Edward Heron Allen. (Nichols.)
- "A Forgotten Sin." Dorothea Gerard. (Blackwood.)
- "Against the Tide." Mary Angela Dickens. (Hutchinson.)
- "Many Memories of Many People." M. C. M. Simpson. (Arnold.)
- "The Goldfields of Alaska to Behring Straits." H. de Windt. (Chatto.)
- "The Story of Hawaii." Jean A. Owen. (Harper.) LOOKER-ON.

CYCLING NOTES.

THE Universal Lights Bill is to be re-introduced this Session at the instance of the Cyclists' Touring Club, and it is greatly to be desired that the measure will meet a better fate than last year, when it passed the second reading, by the Speaker's casting vote, but was perforce included among the usual "massacre of the innocents" at the Session's close. The opposition to the Bill comes from the farmers almost exclusively, and not by any means from all of them. Vehicle users generally are quite as much in favour of such a measure as cyclists themselves, and it may be mentioned that the British Institute of Carriage Manufacturers is unanimously in favour of a statute law compelling all vehicles outside the lighted areas of cities and towns to carry lights at night.

Meanwhile, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, the Cyclists' Touring Club continues to urge upon those County Councils which have not yet adopted a universal lights bye-law the advisability of so doing. So many are the counties in which a bye-law of this kind is now in force, particularly in the South of England, that it is quite probable that before Parliament has decisively moved in the matter the system of universal lights will be in operation all the country over. None the less does it need to be pointed out that a statute law, of uniform and universal application, is better than County Council bye-laws to the same effect; for the latter are liable to vary somewhat in different counties, and confusion is caused accordingly. The Cyclists' Touring Club has just issued a pamphlet containing the arguments in favour of the Universal Lights Bill, and giving a number of newspaper reports of accidents undoubtedly caused by the absence of lights at night. In view of the approaching elections of County and District Councils the club has also issued an appeal to its members, nearly 50,000

in number, to endeavour to enlist the sympathies of the candidates in every district in favour of:—(1) The passing of a "lights" bye-law; (2) the erection (where necessary) and the efficient maintenance of mile-stones and finger-posts upon all main roads; and (3) the improvement of the public highways in all cases in which their condition is such as to require amendment. It is pointed out that section 24 of the Highways Act of 1835 authorises and enjoins the erection of finger-posts; and that section 119 of the Turnpike Act of 1822 does the same by mile-stones; while section 6 of 45 & 46 Victoria enacts that "The expenses incurred by a highway authority in maintaining, replacing, or setting up mile-stones on any highway shall be a lawful charge upon the highway rate." There is thus every justification, both legal and moral, for urging the cyclists' claims upon the candidates wherever an election takes place.

Some new points were raised in the course of a very practical lecture delivered the other day before the Birmingham Association of Mechanical Engineers by Mr. W. Arnold, whose subject was "Cycle construction, its defects and remedies." In the first place, Mr. Arnold combated the popular idea, which cycle chain makers themselves shared, that the form of the chain wheels and of their teeth was mainly concerned with the accurate or inaccurate running of the chain. From his own experiments he had come to the conclusion that the form of teeth had only played a minor part in the cause, one of the chief defects being due to the holes in the side links not being central. This would always occur more or less where automatic machinery was used for piercing. One link would rest on the shroud of the large chain wheel, throwing the chain out of line, and when the next side link came into contact with its tooth, it would have a tendency to ride thereon, thereby causing a click in endeavouring to right itself. This was naturally not so noticeable in three-eighth-inch or half-inch chains, but when quarter-inch and three-sixteenths-inch came into general use, the angle being so much greater in proportion, the defect became apparent.

Incidentally, the lecturer made a decided point in favour of the gear-case, though he did not emphasise the connection. "Another defect," he said, "arose from unequal stretch of the side links at different places in the chain length. This he first attributed to two causes: First, the unequal elongation of the side links; and second, the system adopted in riveting and strengthening the chains. He had, however, since come to the conclusion that there was practically no stretch in the side links unless under a sudden strain, such as a hard substance grinding its way between the blocks and the chain-wheel teeth." It is just this very difficulty that an oil-bath gear-case effectually overcomes, and anyone who doubts it has only to ride an unprotected chain over gritty roads during or immediately after a heavy shower, and the grinding of the teeth against the blocks of the chain will speedily convince him how much better off he would have been with a well-fitted and reliable gear-case. The merely casual rider can dispense with a gear-case if he likes, though on even a brief journey he may occasionally have cause to repent it; but to the all-round rider a gear-case is an absolute necessity, if he has any regard either for the wear and tear of the machine, or his own individual comfort, as affected by ease or difficulty of running.

In passing, Mr. Arnold remarked that in riding uphill a powerful man would probably put a strain of no less than 500lb. upon the chain, and should the teeth of the wheel not be square or true with the chain, one side link might have to bear the whole of this pull, thereby placing it beyond its elastic limit. Other points of interest in the lecture were to the effect that "bevel gearing, and various modifications thereof, as a means of transmitting power from the crank to the driving-wheel, could never become a practical success"; that "joints of the brazeless variety did not appear suitable for cycle construction"; that "the hydraulic system of jointing was faulty because the fluid was likely to creep in between the tube and the lug, instead of forcing the former against it, which would place the tube in equilibrium, and make a defective joint"; and that "the manufacturer or electrical engineer who could introduce an effective and economical system of electric welding, would not only recompense himself financially, but at the same time make a nearer advance to perfection in the construction of frames than had hitherto been attained."

If any readers of COUNTRY LIFE have invested on a bevel-gear machine, and are uncertain as to how to calculate the gear, the following formula may assist them to a solution:—Multiply the diameter of the rear wheel by the number of teeth on the spur wheel on the crank axle; divide by the number of teeth on the spur wheel on the front end of the revolving shaft; multiply by the number of teeth on the spur wheel on the rear of the revolving shaft; and divide by the number of teeth on the spur wheel on the rear hub. The result will be the gear.

It is stated that the bicycle has been introduced in Madagascar. There is an excellent road about thirty miles long around the city of Tananarivo. A road is also being constructed from the city of Rainifeirawototoketokolo to the town of Rainanotorahecanarivo! It is to be hoped that the intermediate villages have names of less appalling character, or map-making for cyclists will be at a discount in Madagascar; no one could read the type small enough to include the names within the borders of the island.

Another tropical item which I glean from a foreign journal is to the effect that cyclists in India have more to contend with than the heat. The mosquitoes are not content with biting holes in one's person, but must needs try their teeth on the tyres of cycles, with what success the paragraphist does not state, though he leaves it to be inferred that the pneumatic tyre is not proof against the mosquito's sting; in which case some enterprising merchant may be expected to bring forward some special "anti-mosquito-puncture" preparation, and reap a rich harvest thereby.

THE PILGRIM.

ON THE GREEN.

THE Cambridge University team did a really good feat last week in beating a strong team of the Royal Blackheath Club on the latter's own ground.

A strong team of the Blackheath Club means a strong team indeed, and with a local knowledge in their favour, the victory that Cambridge gained over them is very creditable. Blackheath were led by the redoubtable Mr. J. L. Low, who must be a real terror to the undergraduate golfing mind, for in a recent match against Oxford University he beat their strongest player by a considerable number of holes on the Oxford home green, at the same time taking the opportunity of lowering the record of that green by several strokes. And now, against his old University of Cambridge, he beat Mr. H. de Zoete by no less than six holes. Yet, in spite of their excellent start, Blackheath failed to hold their own. Mr. F. S. Ireland won his match, but only by one hole, from Mr. Leathart, but Mr. G. H. Ireland was beaten by Mr. Lawrence by three. Mr. A. T. Young, for Blackheath, at the end of the list, did his best to gain a victory for the side by a handsome win of five holes from Mr. Ranson; but Mr. J. G. Gilson,

Mr. John Penn, Mr. Gillon, and Mr. R. Whyte were all defeated, by Mr. Thompson, Mr. Apthorpe, Mr. Blackburne, and Mr. Hunter respectively, with the ultimate result that the University was left victorious by fifteen holes to twelve. This team is precisely the side that will represent Cambridge in the match against Oxford next month, and their really fine play on this occasion may give their opponents reason for serious contemplation. Out of the eight Cambridge players six were round the twenty-one holes in scores of under 110. The inter-University match this year is to be decided on a course of thirty-six holes, twice round the Sandwich green. Hitherto the Universities have deemed eighteen holes sufficient for the settlement of their differences.

A great competition, under the auspices of the Midlands Professional Golf Club, has been decided lately on the Sutton Coldfield Club's course at Streetly. There were twenty-seven entries, and Ross, the local professional, with Brown, the ex-champion, of Malvern, were perhaps the most fancied of the players. Brown did, indeed, play finely in the morning, scoring 79, the best return of the day, but he grew wild in the afternoon and returned an 86, which only put him

equal fourth with Lewis, of Derby. T. Williamson, the young Nottingham player, was first at 161, and Ross tied with G. Cawsey for second place at 163.

Mr. H. Ross was the winner of the actors' annual competition, held this year at New Zealand. His winning score was 91, scratch and nett, and it was the best returned by four strokes. Sheltered as the Byfleet course of the New Zealand Club lies, it was not so protected but that the strong wind made itself distractingly felt, and scores ruled high. Mr. H. Aynesworth was second to Mr. Ross at 95 nett. Mr. Rutland Barrington, perhaps the strongest player competing, was 95+1=96.

At the monthly medal meeting of the London Scottish Club Mr. J. Gow was victor, with 85-2=83, and this 85 was the lowest scratch score returned.

Eighty-five was also the best score at the Worcestershire Club's monthly meeting. It was returned by Mr. C. Toppin, the old Cambridge bowler, but Mr. Toppin owes a stroke in the handicap, which just put him out of first place on the nett score list. The winner was the Rev. F. H. Fowler, with 96-11=85, the Rev. C. Black coming in third at 92-5=87.



"The Lady of Lyons."

ONCE more "The Lady of Lyons," most decried and most popular of the old plays which are not really great, but which never fail to attract from that certain something in them that touches the heart and grips hold of the emotional part of us. It is this quality in the play, this quality of "heart," that makes us oblivious to all its shortcomings, or, if

not oblivious to, at least careless of, them, that renders it hateful to those anæmic analysts who can forgive nothing that appeals merely to senses in which they are deficient. But it is a fine, moving old play, in spite of all they may say, and affords many opportunities to clever actors and actresses in the portrayal of those emotions which, though not expressed with much beauty by the author, are yet moving and human and not unnatural.

As played at the Adelphi Theatre, the work is uneven. While the whole company is possessed of the right spirit, and does not attempt to give a modern flavour to that which is so obviously antique, there is now and again an apparent absence of conviction, and if conviction is absent from the stage it must be absent from the auditorium. But this is only sometimes. Often Mr. Kyrle Bellew, picturesque, debonair, earnest, is exactly the Claude Melnotte of our fancy, and seems to believe himself to be the interesting swindler but passionate lover he is representing. When this mood is on him, Mr. Bellew carries us with him and gives life to the old play; sometimes he seems oppressed with the thought of the very bad blank verse he has to declaim. But he does declaim, and that is one of the first things necessary with "The Lady of Lyons"; some actors try to make it all too real, and Lytton and colloquialism do not go together. Mr. Bellew next gives the famous "Dost thou like the picture?" with grace and charm.

Mrs. Brown Potter is, of course, a very beautiful Pauline; she makes a veritable picture. It is an unequal performance, at its best when the proud beauty discovers that she loves her peasant husband and that he is about to leave her. Here Mrs. Potter gets to the heart of the character and its suffering; there is truth, and nature, and reality in her grief. The actress loses herself, and so succeeds in convincing us. Even in those scenes where Mrs. Potter is the least satisfactory, one can see that great intelligence of which I have written before now. One can see that she feels and understands the passion and the pain she is depicting, though she has not always the power to translate them for us; she herself is moved, though she may not be able to move her audience. It is only when the emotions are of the more tragic order that this is noticeable. Mrs. Potter must have action, movement, not of the strenuous, but of the womanly, gentler kind. I am convinced that could Mrs. Potter get a play which provided her with a character suited to her, she would surprise us.

"The Dove-Cot."

IT would be difficult to find a more pleasing piece of work than "The Dove-Cot." The French are, truly, great dramatists. MM. Bisson and Leclercq have written a play that is called in Paris a farce, and yet in it are to be found some of the prettiest sentiment imaginable and one situation positively delightful in its homely and charming pathos. In the French original there was only the faintest suspicion of naughtiness, and in the English version that has disappeared altogether. The result is that we have a play that can be seen by everybody, not only with pleasure, but with positive profit. On the first performance at the Duke of York's Theatre, the piece at times

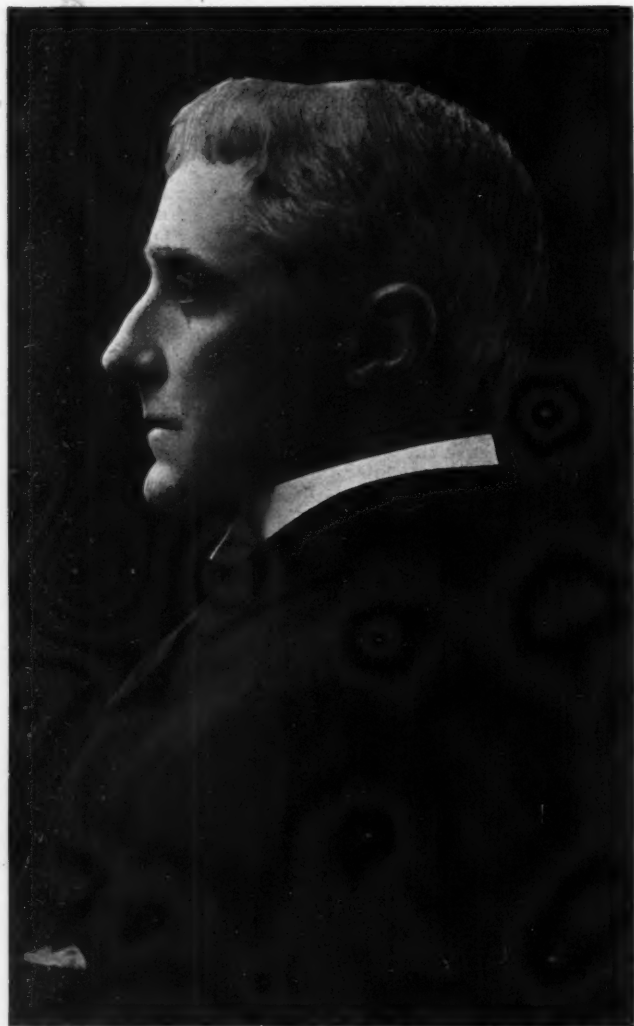


Photo. by A. Ellis, MR. KYRLE BELLEW. Upper Baker Street.

was rendered too slowly, and there was too much insistence on unimportant detail; but these are minor defects easily remedied, as no doubt they have been ere now.

It is a simple story, without problem or any great depth—it is, I suppose, first and foremost a farce, though it is difficult to regard it as such, bright and merry as it is for the most part. Let me tell it as simply. Young, well-to-do, good-tempered Lucas Allward and his pretty wife love each other hugely, but they lead a "cat and dog's" life because she is so inordinately jealous. She believes that every married man deceives his wife, that it is a wife's first duty to find her husband out. Departing and arriving he is cross-examined, his letters are read, his pockets are ransacked, he is accused of infidelity if he looks at another woman. Things are becoming unbearable; violent quarrels are the result. Things arrive at breaking point when Eva discovers on his coat two golden hairs and the scent of a perfume for which he cannot account. He protests his innocence without avail. As a matter of fact, they have been purposely placed there by one of the servants, who, being desirous of a "night out" and knowing of her mistress's weakness, has done this thing in order that there may be a violent quarrel and therefore no dinner.

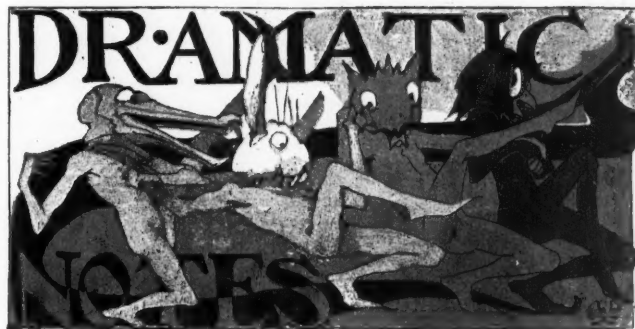
She achieves her purpose—there is a violent quarrel, there are even threats of divorce. Eva rushes down to her father and mother in the country, Lucas goes also to put forward his side of the case. Mr. and Mrs. Brindle are a model pair; their long married life has been one continuous honeymoon, a cross word has never clouded their summer existence. What, then, is the consternation of the young pair, to find on their arrival at the dove-cot that Darby and Joan are throwing things at each other, calling each other awful names, threatening separation and what-not against each other. So alarmed are they that they forget for the moment that they are not on speaking terms, and unite in the effort to bring the old folk together again. The squabbles go on till the time comes for retiring. Eva and Lucas see with bewilderment the old couple depart for separate rooms. But what they do not see is the delicious incident which follows; for, when they have also gone their different ways, and the house is dark, and there is no more reason for any make-believe, Elisha Brindle comes down from his room and Mrs. Brindle comes from hers, and they kiss each other good-night as they have done for thirty years. The youngsters do not see this, nor have they seen the nods and winks and the hand squeezings of their parents all the while they have been supposed to be at daggers drawn. For, you see, Mr. and Mrs. Brindle have arranged a little plot; they have concocted this make-believe in order that, seeing the misery that bickering is causing to their mother and father, their children may kiss and be friends again.

This, however, does not happen at once, does not happen until the absurd conduct of Eva has almost brought about a real difference between Darby and Joan, between her sister and her husband, and between her brother and his sweetheart. Many amusing and funny things occur before matters are straightened out, and Eva falls repentant, with a promise of future faith and trust, into Lucas's arms.

Without acting of more than average excellence, so light and fragile a play as this would necessarily lose half its charm. Luckily there is acting of a very high class to assist it. In Mr. Seymour Hicks we have a comedian of present worth and more promise. He has the airy touch, the brightness and briskness which give life and movement to every scene; he has "snap," and all that is expressed by the word "go." He is versatile, too, for he has a pleasant and natural pathos, of which one has not suspected him, yet without which the best comedian is merely a *farceur*.

A truthful, moving, natural moment of his is that when he begs his wife for the last time to believe in him and to trust him. It had exactly the right degree of earnestness and fervour, and it was as real as real could be. If Mr. Hicks can restrain a tendency to carelessness and too much *savoir faire* as the nights go on; if familiarity with his part does not breed contempt—of which fault there has been a suspicion when he played in burlesque at the Gaiety—I look forward to seeing him take a high place in a higher phase of his work than that in which we have been accustomed to see him. No more artistically delightful performance than that of Miss Carlotta Addison, as the old lady, could be wished for; in humour and in pathos it was perfect, light and unassuming as it was. Almost as successful was Mr. James Welch as Elisha. Mr. Welch is another comedian with the gift of sentiment; he has a keen appreciation of both, though his powers of delineating them fall short of his appreciation; nevertheless, if Mr. Welch will be on his guard against self-consciousness, he, too, will do something very worthy one of these days. Mr. Wyes as a wonderful old butler, Miss Ellis Jeffreys as the young wife, gave point and individuality to all they did; and Miss Sybil Carlisle, Mr. France, and Miss Leonora Braham, in characters calling for less skill, completed the animated and pleasant picture.

B. L.



A BRIGHT and amusing farce of the absolutely impossible order is "A Brace of Partridges" at the Strand Theatre, told briskly and with smartness, though the author, Mr. Robert Ganthony, is a little too fond of making funny remarks that have not too much point; generally speaking, though, his lines are bright and clever. To tell the story would be a long and useless task, for, funny as it is to see, it would not appear funny if told. The plot concerns itself with the troubles caused by the marvellous likeness between two young fellows, who, however, do not know of each other's existence—at least, that is the impression given to the present writer—and who are only related in the most distant manner. Sweethearts, fathers, mothers, all are deceived. Impossible as it all is, it is thoroughly amusing from the brisk and skilful manner in which it is carried out. It is not difficult to arrange complications if one is not restricted to possibilities, but it is not easy to keep up the fun as Mr. Ganthony has done.

Mr. Reeves Smith establishes himself as a very admirable comedian by his playing in "A Brace of Partridges." He differentiates the two characters in really excellent fashion. In appearance, the young men are exactly alike, and yet the expressions are difficult; so with their manner—it is well done. There is a pleasant vein of seriousness running through the farce, and Mr. Everill, as a fond and tender father, does it full justice. Mr. George Shelton gives a delicious bit of real comedy in his portrait of the waiter, a drily droll performance of immense value to the play.



W. Downey, MISS GERALDINE OLLIFFE. Ebury St.

Miss Geraldine Olliffe, at present appearing in "How London Lives," at the Princess's Theatre, is, by her manner and method, much better suited to plays of a higher rank than rough melodrama. Her first important engagement in London was with Mr. E. S. Willard, in "The Rogue's Comedy," in which she played the wife of the arch-swindler, who was the hero of the piece. Miss Olliffe is tall and fair, and her acting has always been marked by quiet force, curious individuality, and reserve. That is why she gives one the impression of being rather wasted on melodrama, though her incisiveness and refinement are of great value to the roaring drama at the Princess's.

The Messrs. Gatti have decided to produce a pantomime at the Adelphi Theatre next Christmas, and thus put into practice an idea they have had for the last two years, which various circumstances have prevented them carrying out. The Messrs. Gatti are old hands at the business, for they brought out three splendid pantomimes at Covent Garden in the old days when Chatterton had Drury Lane.

The Sandringham Shire Horse Sale.

THE sales of farm stock at Sandringham have always attracted the attention of breeders and the general public alike, but it is within the mark to say that neither of its predecessors has proved so great an attraction as the third sale of Shire horses which took place on Friday, the 11th inst., at the Wolferton Farm. The catalogue was an exceedingly attractive one, containing as it did so many horses famous in the show-yard. Of these the most notable was Sea Breeze, the champion two year old of last season, who won in all the classes in which she was shown, amongst her victories being the Royal at Manchester, the Peterborough and the great Yorkshire prizes, sufficient of themselves to place her in the front rank of her breed. Other prominent winners were Hindlip Lady, twice third at the Shire Horse Show; Kingston Beryl, a winner of three first prizes and a championship as a foal; Carlton Lady, a third prize taker at the Darlington meeting of the Royal, as well as a good winner elsewhere; Anchorite, third in a good class at the Yorkshire; and Cyclamen, a winner at the Norfolk County and third at the Shire Horse Show.

The notable feature in the sale was that the whole of the fifty-four animals catalogued put in an appearance, and all were sold—an unusual, if not an unprecedented, circumstance. As soon as the proceedings commenced, which they did immediately after a noon luncheon, at which the Prince of Wales presided, it was clear that there would be a sensational sale, for the crowd which surrounded the ring was emphatically a crowd of buyers, and not merely spectators. The first lot that appeared in the ring was 16,784, Hindlip Lady, who was started at 100 guineas, and quickly run up to 260 guineas, at which price she became the property of Mr. Garrett Taylor. The way the first lot at a sale is sold generally foreshadows the result, and biddings came quickly for each lot, Mr. A. Beck, of the firm of Sexton, Grimwade, and Beck, having evidently an easy task before him. Lord Ellesmere secured a nice brood mare in (13,326) Royal Lass, by Lincolnshire Lad II. (1,365), at 270 guineas, at which figure she was certainly cheap, and then lots sold quickly, but without much sensation till the tenth lot (17,952), Carlton Lady, a massive bay of the right type, entered the ring. She was started at 200 guineas, and reached 300 in two bids. Then came a rapid succession of biddings at 25 guineas a time, till Mr. Eadie, staying the longest, secured her at 850 guineas.

The sixteen brood mares realised £3,727 10s., or an average of £232 19s. 4d., and two yearling colts made £165 18s., or £82 19s. each, whilst four yearling fillies made £1,186 10s., or an average of £296 12s. 6d. One of the sensations of the sale was the first of the yearling fillies to enter the ring, viz., Victor's Queen, a daughter of Bury Victor Chief, whom she resembles in colour and markings. She was put up at 200 guineas, and bid rapidly up to 600 guineas, at which price—a record for one of her age—she went to Sir Blundell Maple.

Over Anchorite there was some spirited bidding, for from 100 guineas he advanced rapidly to 510, at which price he was knocked down to Mr. Hooley. Mr. Muntz, however, claimed the bid as his, so the horse was put up again at 510 guineas. Mr. Hooley and Mr. Muntz bid him up by 10-guinea bids to 550 guineas, and then Lord Rothschild closed the gap, and became the owner at 600 guineas. The two two year old stallions made £740, average £370.

The fourteen two year old fillies made £2,191 7s., or an average of £156 10s. 6d., the first that came into the ring making the top price of the section. This was (23,676) Fancy Queen, a big, active chestnut, by Harold (3,703), for whom Sir Walter Gilbey gave 500 guineas, and she was by no means the dearest animal sold, as she possesses fine quality and good action.

It was, of course, round the sale of Sea Breeze that the chief interest centred, and she was greeted with a round of applause when she was led into the ring. She has grown and done well since last year, and the general opinion was that she would bring a record price. And for once the general opinion proved correct. Nominally she was started at 200 guineas, but a rapid succession of 100-guinea bids brought her to 700 guineas, and then, advancing by 50 guineas at a time, she reached the four figures. It was now pretty clear that everyone but Mr. Hooley and Sir Blundell Maple had done bidding, and these gentlemen continued to bid in fifties, till finally the hammer fell to Sir Blundell Maple's bid of 1,150 guineas—a record price for a Shire mare or filly. It is worthy of notice that the previous record was held by a mare bred by the Prince of Wales. This was Dunsmore Gloaming, who was sold at Mr. Muntz's sale for 1,020 guineas to Lord Llangattock. Other high-priced three year old fillies were Empress Queen, for whom Mr. Walpole Greenwell gave 460 guineas, and Saxon Empress, for whom Mr. Victor Cavendish gave 410 guineas. The eleven three year old fillies made £3,291 15s., or an average of £299 5s.

Five four year old mares realised £813 15s., or an average of £162 15s., the highest priced one in this section being Bonnie Maid, a prize-winner at the Norfolk County Show, who was none too dear at 240 guineas.

The total amount realised was £12,117, or an average of £224 7s. 9d., and it is remarkable that four records have been established at this sale, viz., the total, the average, the highest price for a mare, and for a yearling filly.

RED ROVER.

BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

IT cannot be said that last week's racing has thrown much light on the coming Grand National, although several candidates for that event were seen carrying silk at Sandown Park on Friday last. Although Barcalwhey has been backed for the big event of next month, I could never see that he had much chance with 10st. 6lb., good honest horse as he undoubtedly is. I did think, however, that he would be able to beat the very moderate lot that opposed him in the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, and so he might have done had he not fallen on the far side of the course, the last time round. Had he won ever so easily, however, I should not have fancied his chance at Aintree any more than I do now. There were three other Liverpool candidates running in the same race. These were the second, Mr. G. Hamilton's Dead Level, Lord William Beresford's Shaker, who finished third, and Mr. Rucker's Rathcarne. The second of these is a good-looking Irish-bred five year old, quite one of the old-fashioned hunter-like type, and sure, I think, to do his owner good service in the future. I doubt, however, his being up to Grand National form, even with 9st. 10lb., at any rate at this early period of his career. Rathcarne was once thought a lot of in Ireland, and I believe Mr. Rucker gave a big price for him, but he has evidently done badly since he has been in this country, and he looked a perfect dog-horse on Friday last. He is well treated in the Grand National with 9st. 12lb., but I should think it is any odds against his seeing the post. Dead Level is undoubtedly a very useful young chaser, though I am told that he is not always inclined to give his true running. Whether or not he has any pretensions to stay the severe four and a-half miles at Aintree, I know nothing about, though after his running in the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase I am rather inclined to doubt it.

It was not an uninteresting race, however, Barcalwhey, Dead Level, and Shaker, who was making the most of his light weight, looking most like winning as they went down the hill for the last time. The first of these fell at the fence by the station, and then Shaker looked all over a winner to the last fence, where he was collared by Seaport II. and Dead Level; the latter, however, made a mistake at the last fence, which allowed Seaport II. to go on and win by half a length, with Shaker, close up, third. It must not be forgotten that the second was giving 10lb. to the winner, and 17lb. to the third, and if anything that ran in this race is destined to be in the first three at Aintree next month, I fancy Dead Level will be the one. Shaker will probably make a useful horse another year. Barcalwhey looked very fine-drawn for a horse that has got to be at his best in six weeks' time, and there is no doubt that he began the season more forward in condition than most of his rivals.

A chaser of whom I have always had the highest opinion is Gauntlet, and when the weights appeared for this year's Grand National, I thought him the best handicapped horse in the race with 10st. 13lb. Whether or not he can really stay the Grand National course, I doubt if anyone knows for certain, but I do know that he was going very well when he fell over something else last year, and he has got 5lb. less to carry this time, whereas most of the others have got more. He is a long way the best class horse in the race, is a nice easy jumper, and gallops like a stayer. That he had nothing much to beat in the February Handicap Steeplechase, I admit, but he was carrying 12st. 7lb., giving 11lb. to Ruric and 20lb. to Waterford, both useful horses once, and he won just as he liked. He is evidently very well too now, just as a horse should be who has to be a bit better in six weeks' time, and I shall be very disappointed if he does not make amends for his last year's mishap.

THE BRUNTWOOD STUD.

BEFORE leaving Cheshire I, of course, went to see Mr. J. E. Platt's celebrated stud at Bruntwood, near Cheadle. This was about three weeks before the yearlings went to Doncaster, and they were fully described in COUNTRY LIFE at the time.

I was taken first to the new paddocks, laid out on perfectly fresh ground, which has had no horses on it for twenty years. The first mare I saw there was Scandal (1888), a nice short-legged mare, of beautiful quality, by Galopin out of Busybody, by Petrarch, her dam Spinaway, by Macaroni. This is a grand pedigree, and she was followed by a very good foal indeed—a brown colt by Kendal, whom she had visited again.

In the same paddocks were Miss Vega (1894), a square-built, useful-looking bay mare by Wisdom out of Countess Vega, by Napsbury, her dam Vega, by Vedette, with a good-sized chestnut colt by Kendal; Rylstone (1890), a brown mare by Kendal out of Sleeping Beauty, by Ben Battle, her dam The Beauty, by Macaroni, a lengthy, galloping sort, with a good-shaped but rather backward brown colt foal of Galopin's—her first foal; and last, but not least, the beautifully-bred Pixie (1882), dam of Red Rube, by Blair Athol out of Feronia, by Thormanby. This mare's yearling by Kendal I thought one of the best of the lot, and so other people seemed to think, too, as he made 1,650 guineas at Doncaster, whilst I think it safe to prophecy that his own brother, a very big, strong chestnut foal, who was following at her heels, will do as well.

The very first mare I saw in the old paddocks was the beautiful St. Marguerite (1879), by Hermit out of Devotion, by Stockwell, and dam of Seabreeze and Le Var. I had just been saying that I thought her yearling, a lovely chestnut filly by Kendal, almost the best I had seen that year when the stud groom, Corston, who was most attentive in showing me round everything in the absence of Mr. Platt, drew my attention to her Isinglass foal. This was a bay colt foaled April 9th, a really beautiful foal, the image of his sire, and no wonder that the excellent Corston was proud of him.

A nice lengthy, roomy mare is Leonie (1889), by Plebeian out of Olton, by Sterling, her dam Granite, by The Duke. Rare hard blooded this, and just the sort to nick with that of St. Simon, by whom she had a capital brown colt the year before last, with all the characteristics of his sire's family. The mare has



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RUGBY POLO GROUND.

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visited St. Serf, who also ought to suit her well.

Full of the best old Irish blood is Miliora (1887), by Arbitrator out of Niniche, and the dam of Lesterlin and Bellewin. This is a big brown mare, of the regular Irish type, and she was followed by a lengthy brown filly, by Kendal, that might grow into anything. Her 1897 yearling, a very big brown colt by Kendal, made 710 guineas at Doncaster, and she is now in foal to St. Simon.

It would be difficult not to fall in love with the beautiful short-legged Lonely (1882), the dam of Prisoner, and Sainly, who was such a clinking good two year old. She is bred on the right lines, too, for a brood mare, being by Hermit out of Anonyma, by Stockwell. Her St. Simon colt made 1,000 guineas at Doncaster last September, and she has an own brother to him, who was a very racing-like youngster when I saw him playing beside her in the Bruntwood paddocks in August last. She is in foal to Kendal this time, and he ought to suit her quite as well as St. Simon, if not better.

A nicely-bred mare is Lady Kendal (1890), by Kendal out of Canterbury, by Speculum, her dam Empress, by King Tom. She was a very speedy filly when in training, and won a lot of races, besides running second to Minting Queen in the Brocklesby Stakes. She has a very strong bay filly foal by Sheen, and has visited Carbine.

Thistlefinch (1892) is a lengthy chestnut mare, full of quality, by Highland Chief out of Thistlefield, by Springfield, her dam Thistle, by Scott's Chief. She has a good chestnut filly by Gallinule, and is in foal to Galopin. Intriguer (1890) is a reaching, roomy mare, by Victor Chief out of Cuckoo, by Trumpeter, with a brown filly by St. Serf, and covered by Florizel II.; and then we came to two beautiful mares. The first of these was Lucy Ashton (1882), a beautifully-bred mare, by Lammormoor out of Alsatia, by Orest, and the dam of Wolf's Crag. A lengthy, wide, big-boned sort she is, and her brown filly by Kendal made 1,100 guineas at the last Doncaster sales. Her foal, a great, strong, slashing bay colt, by the same sire, was one of the best I have ever seen, and will fetch a big price at Doncaster if all goes well with him.

Her daughter Geraldine (1889), by Barcaldine, and therefore own sister to Wolf's Crag, had an even better foal, a powerful, medium-sized brown colt, by Kendal, with such a back and loins, and such quarters. A regular little horse he was then, and as certain as anything can be to make a race-horse of class. This was a beautiful mare, with a superlatively good foal.

There were a few more mares to be seen in another paddock before I reluctantly tore myself away from this interesting stud to catch my train. Rhoda (1885), by Master Kildare out of Violet Melrose, by Scottish Chief, her dam Violet, by Thormanby; Maid Marian (1886), the dam of Keymer, and a beautifully-bred mare, by Hampton out of Quiver, by Toxophilite, whose Kendal filly unfortunately died, but who is now in foal to Ravensbury—a rare good cross for her; Adornment (1890), by Beau Brummel out of Rhoda, whose last yearling by Kendal made 510 guineas; Surprise-me-Not (1892), by Enterprize out of Touch-me-Not, by Muncaster, her dam Thistle, and in foal to Ladas; Mystery (1887), by Muncaster out of Violetta, by Hermit, a very nice mare, and in foal to Melton; Donna Rosa (1893), by Donovan out of Rhoda, and in foal



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POLO: A GOOD GAME.

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to Common; and La Bella (1893), by St. Simon out of La Cloche, by Hermit, her dam Miss Bell, by Stockwell. This mare is in foal to Amphion.

From this necessarily short and hurried description of the Bruntwood Stud mares it will be seen what a carefully selected lot they are, and how full of the best running blood. It is quite evident that Mr. Platt believes in inbreeding to Whalebone, and likes crossing it with Blacklock, the best of all combinations for producing great race-horses. His great sire, Kendal, who has been such a phenomenal success, is a proof of this, and a hurried glance at him before I left showed me that he had lost none of his beautiful quality or exquisite shapeliness since I had seen him last.

His breeding was so fully gone into in "Stud Notes" in COUNTRY LIFE on the 4th of December, that it is needless for me to say more about him here, except that he was a good race-horse when in training, has been one of the greatest successes of the day as a sire, and is one of the very best-bred horses in the Stud Book.

Polo: The Messrs. Miller at Springhill.

THE winter is passing rapidly away, and it will not be many more weeks before hunters will be giving way to polo ponies. On the 1st April the clash of polo-sticks will be heard on the Rugby Polo Ground, and a month later the ball will be set rolling at Ranelagh and Hurlingham. Naturally the whole success of this engrossing game depends chiefly on ponies, so that it is always interesting at the beginning of a new season to know what ponies we shall see playing—which of the old ones that we know well will be seen out again, and what is thought of the new ones whose first season it will be. What a number of qualifications a pony must possess, and what a lot he has to learn before he is fit to take part in a match! Speed, of course, he must have, or he will be quite useless, however well trained; size and weight, too, to carry his owner and to hold his own in a scrimmage, and, above all, courage. Then again he must be able to stop, or turn, in his own length almost, at full gallop, and have an almost instinctive knowledge of what his rider wants him to do. These latter are, of course, for the most part matters of education. It is true that some ponies are easily trained, whilst others can never be made as handy as they should be; but there is no pony which can possibly play properly unless he has been systematically and scientifically trained from the very beginning.

This is where so many mistakes are made, and so many ponies spoiled. I have often written in these columns on the faulty schooling which most steeplechasers get in this country, and pointed out how very few are ever properly grounded in their art, namely, that of getting over a "country" quickly, safely, and with the least possible exertion to themselves. The very same applies to polo ponies. They must be taught from the beginning. How many men there are who buy a pony, knock a ball about on him for a few weeks, and as soon as they can hit the ball to their own satisfaction, put him into a game. This invariably results in failure and disappointment. Like the steeplechase horse—in fact more so, since he has more to learn—the polo pony must begin at the beginning, and be educated on a carefully-thought-out system, by which he will be taught one thing after another, until he is finally turned out as perfect as his physical capacities will permit. Faults learnt by a hurried or imperfect education are always the hardest to correct, and so the pupil should never be set a new task until he has become perfect in his last.

This is where the Millers excel, and this is the reason of their invariable success. I remember Mr. E. D. Miller as a very keen poloist in that very smart cavalry regiment, the 17th Lancers, some few years ago, and when he left the Service, and went to live at Springhill, near Rugby, he was joined there by his brother George, also an enthusiastic follower of the game. There they founded the Rugby Polo Club, which had such an extraordinarily successful season last year, and there they have created every requirement for the schooling and training of ponies. In fact, there are few of the best-known ponies playing which have not, at some time or another, been to school at Springhill. The third brother, "Charlie" Miller, is also at home now from India, where he has made a great reputation, and he was playing in brilliant form all last season in this country. Unfortunately he has to return to India next month, and he will be sadly missed on English polo grounds during the coming season.

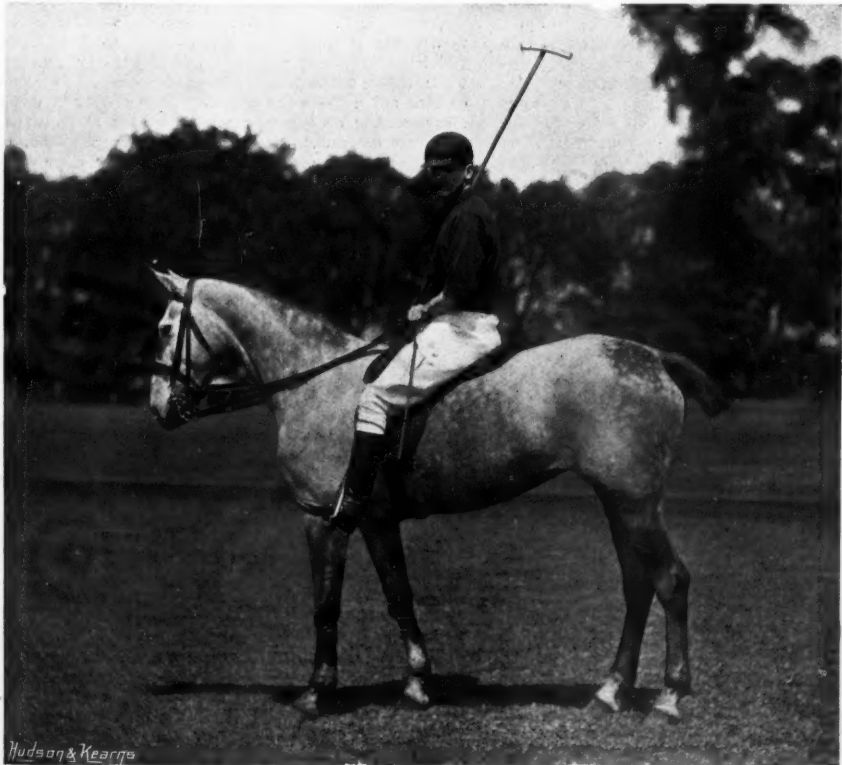


Photo. by W. A. Rouch. MR. C. D. MILLER ON LADY GREY.

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To lovers of polo there can be no greater treat than a visit to Springhill. A quarter of an hour's drive from Rugby Station will land you at the house, where you will be sure of a most hospitable reception, and you will probably be at once taken round the boxes which surround the yard adjoining the house. There you may see the chestnut Sermon, such a nice mare, bred in Ireland, as were most ponies that you will see at Springhill, and full of quality. In the next box, however, is one whom you will probably like even better. This is Conceit, by Brag, and one of the most perfectly made little mares ever seen. Such a combination of power and quality, all action, as handy as a rabbit, and fast enough to win a race. Black Bess is a big, upstanding brown mare, with length, power, and quality, and a very perfect player. The Treasure is a powerful, thick-set gelding, with a lot of bone and rare shoulders. He was bought in Ireland. Adam is a handy chestnut that knows his business thoroughly; and a sweet mare is Nellie, who played in the final match for the Champion Cup last year, and fetched 300 guineas at Mr. John Watson's sale.

An old friend is the great, powerful, galloping Lady Grey, who played in most of last season's matches and who goes a tremendous pace; and then running out in an adjoining paddock you will see Jack-in-the-Box, who played in the finals for the Champion Cup at Hurlingham, the Open Cup at Ranelagh, the Social Club Tournament at Hurlingham, the Irish Open Cup, as well as the Rugby and Leamington Tournaments, and also took second prize for polo ponies in a class of thirty-five at Hurlingham. Close by is Leap Year, a charming bay mare who played in the Open Cup in Ireland, and was then bought and brought over here. This mare will be heard of next season.

On the other side of the yard is the chestnut Napper, a very sharp, active, powerful little mare, and the quickest pony in England on a polo ground. A very nice pony, too, is Dandelion, a brown Irish gelding, all wire and whipcord, with rare limbs and a great turn of speed. Charmer is full of quality, and ran races in Ireland. She also played in the Irish Champion Cup, and is a big galloping sort. Two very promising beginners are the brown mare Minor and the black Playful, both coming five, and the latter of whom is one of the best-looking and truest-made ponies I have ever seen. The thick, strong Mermaid was bought from The Royals; the compact, powerful Brown Stout played in the Irish County Cup and the Open Cup in Ireland; the good little brown mare Gipsy is as quick as lightning; and Honesty, also bought in Ireland, is a promising five year old.

After lunch, a five minutes' walk across some well-sheltered paddocks, where you are sure to see a number of ponies turned out, and among them the three useful-looking Argentines, Merrythought, Combatti, and Bismarck, will take you to the farm, where is a lot more stabling, and immediately in rear of it the Rugby Club Polo Ground. Here you shall renew your acquaintance with the galloping, weight-carrying Kilmoon, who played in most of last season's matches; a big, galloping, well-bred Irish mare, The Bride; Fashion and Folly, a pair of well-bred, useful-looking own sisters from the Argentine; a smart chestnut from the same country; a hard varmint-looking American, Dakota; and Kansas, a handy-looking chestnut, also from the States. No one could help falling in love with Lady Alice, a lengthy, galloping brown mare, with big hanging quarters, who played last season; and before you leave these stables you must have a look at that handsome little stallion, Springhill. This is one of the handsomest little horses ever foaled, and one of the best bred in the Stud Book. Here is his pedigree:—By Rugby, son of Playfair (by Oxford out of Whisper), out of Octagon, by Privilege (own brother to Isonomy), her dam Granite, by The Duke out of Whisper. A regular Yardley pedigree this. He gets nearly all his stock under 14.2, and is an ideal sire for getting polo ponies.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch. MR. E. D. MILLER ON LANGOSTA.

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These ponies are all of one stamp—a big, galloping, weight-carrying sort, on short legs, and full of blood and quality; in fact, models of what a weight-carrying blood hunter should be, and this is evidently the type which the Messrs. Miller lay themselves out to find. I should say here that they seldom buy raw ponies, as they have found by experience that first season ponies are seldom good enough for first-class company. They prefer, therefore, to buy those that have already played, and these have generally to begin their education all over again when they go to Springhill. Before leaving, you must not omit to pay a visit to the riding school, which is occupied nearly all day long by different batches going through the early phases of their education. In fact, I do not think they are ever thought too good to go through an occasional "ride," and there is no doubt that with beginners, or badly-trained ponies, this is an absolutely indispensable part of their education. There they are taught to bend and circle and passage, until they become so handy that they can do almost anything, and it would astonish most people to see them doing the figure eight across the school. There are some twenty-five ponies now going through the school, most of which were played last year, and the results of their having since then been re-educated from the beginning will be very apparent when they are seen in public during the coming season.

OUTPOST.

A Day's Hunting in a Strange Country.

ALTHOUGH, as a rule, it is advisable for a man to hunt with one pack of hounds only, yet a few odd days during the season in a different country will prove both pleasant and instructive to the average fox-hunter, for he will be able to observe new methods of hunting and to see many fresh faces.

Old hunters, it is a well-known fact, get very cunning, while their masters also begin, as it were, to know a country rather too well when they have resided in it for many seasons; consequently even the keenest of sportsmen, when not quite up to the mark, will at times go out of their way to get round a big jump, when they know its exact position. On the other hand, if they were unaware of its existence, they would keep galloping on and take it in the ordinary course of things, for they would not realise how big it was until it would be too late to stop. Now in a strange country we do not know what is before us, and being, of course, more on our mettle than usual, we go straighter than we should otherwise do; for though we are perfectly aware that all our little weaknesses are well-known in our own hunt, yet we do not like strangers to become acquainted with them also, so we do our best to uphold the honour of the hunt we represent. Therefore it can be safely said that there is no finer nerve tonic than a day in a strange country, for with our blood up and with no haunting thoughts of any nasty places that are before us, we ride on as gaily as of yore.

No better time can be seized for venturing into a fresh country than the early part of December, for horses are then beginning to get thoroughly fit, while studs are not weakened by the longer runs that are enjoyed in January and February, for by that time the cubs have begun to know their way about, and, when seeking safety in flight, proceed to covers many miles distant. To add to the enjoyment of visiting a different pack to that which one usually hunts with, a few convivial spirits from one's own neighbourhood should be asked to join in the pleasures of the day's sport, so that a party, say of half-a-dozen, can be formed, for there is nothing so wretched as hunting with complete strangers, or men with whom one is little acquainted. A meet not too far distant should be chosen, if possible—one within ten miles for preference—because hounds will in all probability draw away from one's own country, and if they should at the same time run in an opposite direction,



Photo. by W. A. Rouch. MR. G. A. MILLER ON SLAVIN.

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one may be left many miles from home, this being, perhaps, the greatest objection to a day's hunting of the sort I have named. Consequently only seasoned hunters should be employed, and four year olds should be left at home, so that near meets can be selected for them, with a chance of leaving off close to their stables.

We all know, especially those who hunt in the provinces and with unfashionable packs, how a stranger is always criticised, therefore our best hunters should be brought out for the occasion, and our boots and breeches put on with extra care, in order that we may worthily represent the hunt whose button we wear, and not be held up to ridicule by the members of the hunt whose sport we have elected to join in for the day.

There is always a great amount of fascination in hunting a country with which one is unacquainted, for there always appear greater possibilities of sport to the uninitiated than to those who know it well. When the fox breaks cover, we are in ignorance that he has set his mask in the wrong direction, and that he has selected to proceed over the plough instead of the grass, or that he will take us into a country where wire is much used; consequently, we look forward to a good run directly the fox is viewed away, and as we gallop on we keep hoping against hope that we shall soon find ourselves in a district which is well suited to "the sport of kings." Again, if the fox runs in a circle we are not aware of it, for there are extremely few men who can keep their bearings in a strange country, and we fondly imagine that we are proceeding in more or less a straight line until we are rudely undeceived by finding ourselves once more in the cover in which we found but a short time before. There is also much to be learnt by

observing the way in which different huntsmen manage their hounds, for each one seems to have a system of his own; while some are good in one respect, others are in another. For instance, some huntsmen are excellent in large woodlands, others only in the open; some seem to know exactly where to look for a fox in cover, others are better at casting, and seldom fail to speedily hit off the line. Again, many huntsmen, especially those who hunt in flat countries, are all for pushing ahead, and do not make the ground safe behind them; but those who hunt in hill countries, where foxes as a rule run more in circles, are more inclined to try to the right or the left, at any rate at first, unless they feel confident that their fox has gone on. Hounds also form a subject for much criticism among those who are well versed in kennel affairs, both at the meet and in the performance of their work afterwards, and the practised eye can soon detect all the weaknesses of his neighbour's pack.

Let me describe a day's hunting that I enjoyed a short time since with a hunt that only comes within easy reach on very few occasions during the season. On scanning a local paper I observed that the pack were meeting in the course of a few days at a place about eight miles away, so I informed one or two of my friends of this occurrence, and we resolved to make up a party to see what sort of sport our neighbours provided. The morning broke still and calm, with the faintest of easterly breezes, which so often betoken a good scent. On the way to the meet we overtook one another, and when we arrived there we found some thirty or forty horsemen assembled, presently to be joined by others. One gentleman meanwhile entertained the company to a circus-like performance with a bucking horse, which at length succeeded in unseating his rider, who, fortunately, was none the worse for his inopportune and sudden dismount. Presently the master gives the word for a cover situated about a mile from the place of meeting, so off we jog. The huntsman who particularly merits our attention, for he was the season before first whipper-in to the hounds we ourselves hunt with, throws hounds into cover; hardly are they fairly within the wood before they strike a cold scent, but they seem to do little with it. When, however, half the wood is drawn, a fox is viewed, but hounds do not seem to be able to speak to him, so we tell one another that we are in for a bad scenting day. The fox does not dwell long in cover, for hounds begin to work up to him; the wood is only a small one, and presently we view him away. Hounds get an excellent start, and we soon find ourselves galloping after them; in two or three fields they begin to settle down in real earnest, and we can see that they mean business and that there is a scent after all. We now proceed over an excellent line of country, which a heavy rain over-night has rendered somewhat deep, and two or three awkward



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THE PUCKERIDGE HOUNDS: ARRIVALS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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CROSSING A FORD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fences that we now encounter render the field somewhat select. At the first cover the fox touches, which is some three or four miles away from where we found him, a check occurs, but a view-holloa puts things right, and the gleam of water in front of us shows that we are nearing the river; here the fox turns to the left, and at a reduced pace we run along the bank side until we come to an osier bed. The first whipper-in, who has been sent on, now catches a view of our quarry, leaving the far end of the cover, so we once more put our horses into a gallop to keep within sight of the hounds, which are now streaming ahead. We now approach a hill country which belongs to our own hunt, and alas! the high ground does not carry the scent the vale did, so hounds are brought to their noses, but they manage to take the line on to some big covers on a steep hillside, where our hunted fox manages to put up others of his kin, and this move saves his life, for, after persevering for some time, the huntsman is obliged to

acknowledge defeat. But we have nothing to complain about, for we have had an eight-mile point, ten or twelve as hounds ran. We are also very fortunate in finding ourselves only a few miles from home, while our unfortunate neighbours are in some cases twenty miles away from their stables, hounds being no nearer. As the master is many miles outside his own country, there is no thought of drawing again, so we trot homeward, well pleased with our day's sport in a strange country. HELIOS.

The Puckeridge Hounds.

THIS well-known pack, the history of which began in 1799—although it was not until 1801 that Mr. Sampson Hanbury became sole Master—has many points in its favour. It is "convenient," as the Irishmen say, to London and the chief centres. Buntingford, Bishop's Stortford, and Stevenage are easily accessible from London. It has an excellent Master in Mr. Edward E. Barclay, of Brent Pelham Hall, and the hounds number fifty couples. Moreover the country, being nearly twenty-three miles square, is as extensive as the heart of hunting man need desire. But the West of Essex and the East of Herts make poor hunting. To justify ourselves we quote the *ipsissima verba* of "Baily." It is "a bank and ditch country, and is practically all plough; it is poor scenting, but the more wet the better the scent lies; in general character it is undulating." "Baily," perhaps, is a trifle unkind, and it is beyond question that the sport shown by the Puckeridge has many times been of the best. Still, the country is not exactly a hunting man's paradise, and the wide spread fame of the Puckeridge has been obtained in spite of considerable difficulties interposed by Nature and by man in the shape of the lusty ploughman.



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THE PACK AT LITTLE HADHAM PLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

SETTERS AT SCHOOL.—I.

I TAKE it that my edition of "Stonehenge on the Dog," which with a pound of long-vanished beef-steak represents the triumph of a Dandie Dinmont in a rough-terrier class, embodies also the matured opinions of that thorough sportsman the late Mr. Walsh. It is dated 1879, and although I met the veteran in the eighties, and had many a talk with him upon

greyhounds and pointers and setters, all of whom he knew off by heart, and about Dandies, of whom he knew little but asserted much, his age was then such that he was virtually debarred from adding to his knowledge of canine nature. He was the kindest of men, and, having regard to the tone of his generation, humane in his recommendations as to the training and keeping of dogs.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

WHISTLING THE LAGGARDS INTO SCHOOL.

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MARK HOW 'TIS DONE.

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But from our modern point of view some of the instruments of education which he recommends, or at any rate does not discourage, are as Spartan as his prescriptions of remedies are drastic. On page 329, for example, is a woodcut which haunts my memory whenever I think of the training of dogs for the field, and the contrast between the spirit embodied in that woodcut and the more civilised temper which is in evidence in all the illustrations of the setters' school-life, with which it is my duty and pleasure to deal, is marked and delightful. The woodcut represents the "puzzle-peg," which was used to correct in young dogs the fault of "hunting too low." "It consists of a piece of strong wood, such as ash or oak, attached to the neck by a leather collar, and to the jaw by a string tied just behind the tusks or canine teeth, so as to constitute a firm projection in continuation of the lower jaw; and as it extends from six to nine inches beyond it, the dog cannot put his nose nearer to the ground than that projection will allow of." I have never seen this particular instrument of torture in employment—I hope there would be a

rough and tumble fight between me and the master of the tortures if I did see it—but the woodcut shows me a wretched pointer brought to a dead standstill in the middle of his gallop, with the butt of the peg pressing upon his windpipe, with an expression of acute misery on his face, with his mouth gaping slightly, and although no signs are shown in the picture, I cannot doubt that the cruel cord behind the canines has lacerated the lips and gums. That the tortured creature should drink—and setters in particular want water often—is clearly out of the question. It is not surprising to learn that when this cruel apparatus was first put on to a dog, it "inevitably" cowed him so much as to destroy all disposition to range; that at best he only became tolerably reconciled to it; and that "nevertheless, when it is left off, the old tendency to stoop most frequently reappears, and the sportsman finds that all his care has been thrown away." It cannot be said that good Stonehenge recommends this engine; still, it and the spiked collar, for stopping running in, were in use in his day, and in remote parts of the country they may be in use now. It can but be hoped that any humane man who comes across these abominations will do his best to put his foot on to them; and for my own part, I believe that the use of either would be held to be an offence against the law for the prevention of cruelty to animals.



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THE MODEL.

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Our first illustration, WHISTLING THE LAGGARD INTO SCHOOL, suggests to me the general principle which cannot be emphasised too strongly before entering into any kind of particulars. Go where you will, watch dogs at work wherever the opportunity comes, study setters or pointers, noting their faults and their merits, listen to what the Nestors of sport have to say in the matter of training, and you will find three facts which force themselves into prominence. Firstly, half the faults which make themselves manifest in a school of young dogs are not

natural, but implanted upon them by the errors or the carelessness of man. "Blinking," for example, is the immediate result of fierce thrashings or unrestrained ratings administered in the days of puppyhood, for the offence of chasing poultry. "Pottering" at fences and "chasing fur" are the obvious consequences of carelessness of the man in charge when young dogs are out for exercise. Ever since the promising young setters in that group began to show signs of intelligence the eye of that typical North Country keeper has been upon them. Grave, watchful, kindly, and firm, he has made his influence felt among them from the beginning. They respect and love him, they depend upon him, but they do not go in terror of him. The good dog trainer is born, not made. His infinite patience and forbearance, his sympathy with canine nature, his watchfulness, are his personal stock-in-trade. He is no reckless shouter of abuse, he is sparing in the use of the whip that lies hidden in his pocket, he will by no means pet indiscriminately, but his words of approval are appreciated, and when he applies discipline the very sufferer acknowledges the justice of his chastisement. Always distrust the keeper whose dogs are hardly to be caught when punishment is called for. Watch our truant in this picture. He has done wrong, has broken fence or disregarded the cry "ware chasing," and he knows it. He is coming to the call slowly and shamefacedly; but still he is coming, and the well-behaved dogs, old and young, wait patiently and unconcernedly, for they know that come he must. Only one, and that perhaps a brother or a sister, so much as turns an eye in his direction. The rest, cynical emblems of the spirit of self-righteousness, are solemnly congratulating themselves that they are not as other dogs are. Justice, no more and no less, will be administered in a judicial

fashion and without the faintest evidence of passion. Perhaps cutting words of cold contempt and sarcasm will be substituted for the stinging lash, for the dog is no less conscious and no less sensitive than the child when it is treated as a creature in disgrace by one whom it loves and respects; and no man who has lived much among dogs can doubt for a moment the existence of the canine conscience.

No apology is needed for dwelling in this first article upon the paramount importance of the temperament of the trainer. In dealing with all dogs it is the beginning and the end of the whole matter, and paradoxical as the statement may seem at first sight, the fact that young pointers and setters learn their work mainly by using the mimetic faculty and imitating the proceedings of a canine example in the field, is the strongest reason why the character of the trainer is the principal thing to be considered. True it is that workmanlike setters can be gotten for gold, although they are by no means always in the market; but to buy a good dog is one thing, and to keep a good dog is quite another. Carelessness, display of ill-temper, ignorance, will destroy in a very few weeks the manners which have been engrafted upon a dog by months of careful and sympathetic education; and no dog will ever work so well or so honestly for any other man as he will for him who has trained him from puppyhood with kindly firmness. Hence comes it that the good trainer, such as I take our friend the head keeper to be, is not only designed by Nature for his work, but also, by reason of the qualities which Nature has given him, is always possessed of the inestimable advantage of first-rate dogs to be set before his pupils as models. His class-room is the field or the moor, his pupil-teacher is a dog of his own training, who has enjoyed in his time the experience which these young dogs are to pass through. He is, I fear, a rare bird on the earth, though not in the least like a black swan. To watch him and his dogs and his methods is a liberal education, and time spent with him is consumed pleasantly. To watch him is to imbibe those principles of dog training which I shall endeavour to impress in an article or two to follow. He can tell many a true story of canine intelligence, and his game-book is full of dry humour. Here is an example of the same. A friend of mine, one of the best shots of his generation, astonished us all one day by missing in all directions. The keeper wrote, under the heading "remarks": "Much room round birds. Shooting vara atrocious." Next day, having learned that the man whom he criticised had made a proposal of marriage, and had to wait for his answer till the evening after the shoot, the good fellow, no less just to man than dog, added the words "but considering the circumstances, vara excusable."

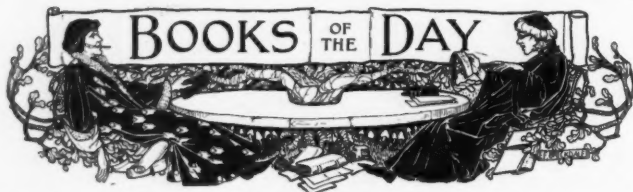


C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A PUP IN THE BACKGROUND.

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CANICULUS.



THE author of "Dodo" and the "Rubicon" has put away childish things and grown into a man. He has overcome his youthful tendency towards affectation of cynicism and elaborate paradox, in which the labour was more conspicuous than the wit, and the result is that rare and precious thing a book. It is a real book, wherein one forgets to think of the author because he has forgotten himself, a book instinct with the true spirit of patriotism, and marked by many qualities of beauty. Such is the character of "The Vintage," by E. F. Benson (Methuen). The tone of the story is almost that of a parable, for the wine that is poured from the press is the blood of the oppressor, of the Turk during the war of Greek Independence; and, if ever a queen in her sorrow could be consoled by the dedication of a book to her, then surely Olga, Queen of the Hellenes, may take some comfort from this story of heroic revolt. The form of a parable has clearly been followed by Mr. Benson with consummate art. We see the lad Mitsos at work in the vineyard, irrigating the parched soil, digging the vines round and about, that the moisture may penetrate to the roots; we watch him with the pretty Greek maiden Maria as they tread the grapes

together. Into this peaceful life enters Nicholas, chief organiser of the rising, who makes much of his nephew Mitsos, since he sees in him great capacities. For Mitsos is passing strong in body, an apt fisherman and sailor, and together they go forth fish-spearing in the night, in Mitsos's boat. At this point begins the love of Mitsos and Suleima, for the boat passes the house of Abdul Achmet the Turk, and two women are leaning over the wall; one of them is Suleima, the Greek girl torn from her parents in childhood, and Suleima is the fate of Mitsos. The love story runs through the whole volume, and some of its chapters are of exceeding great beauty, for our author is no breathless scribbler, infatuated with the passion to rush to the end of his story, but a leisurely artist, who knows a pretty scene when his eyes light upon it, and can so paint it that the pleasure which was his shall be yours. Here, for example is a pleasing passage:—

"She saw Mitsos sitting in the stern of his boat, and guessed at once, for few boats passed so close, that it was he who had sung the second verse of the vineyard song two nights ago, and that it was his boat which had passed so close last night when the women of the harem were there with her. She had not known till she saw him that she had wished to see the owner of that half-formed boyish voice, which had come so pleasantly out of the darkness; and now when she did see him she looked long. He, too, was looking, and her eyes made a bridge over the golden air that lay between them and brought them close together. The boat drew nearer, and she dropped her eyes and began playing with a spray of roses that trailed along the top of the wall. She picked a couple of buds, smelt them, and then very softly she began the first verse of the vine-digger's song. The boat had got under the shelter of the wall, and drifted windlessly nearer. Mitsos was still looking at her; her eyes were still cast

down. She sang the first verse through, and the first two lines of the second verse, and then apparently she recollected no more, for she stopped, and from the boat Mitsos sang very softly the two lines that followed. Still without looking up she sang them after him; he finished the verse and she sang the whole through. From the bay the sun had set, but the mountains on the East glowed rosier and rosier every moment. All that Mitsos saw was a girl's slender figure wrapped in a loose white cloak with a gold band round the waist, a hand that held two rosebuds, a face veiled up to the eyes, eyes down-dropt, and eyelashes that swept the cheek.

"There is a third verse," he said.

"Then she looked, and her eyes smiled at him, and they were as black as shadows beneath the moon.

"I will learn that another night," she said softly, "if it be that you will teach me; and this for your teaching. Go, now, others are coming."

For pure beauty of description, this passage, to my mind, leaves nothing to be wished for. But our author can deal with sterner matters also, and in vivid language. When the Greeks tread in the wine-press of the wrath of heaven, when the hereditary foes meet face to face, when the ships are fired in Nauplia, when Turk and Greek and hireling Albanian meet in the death grapple, then the scene is placed before us with remarkable power. We congratulate Mr. Benson, not merely upon a great achievement, but also upon having made a very distinct and marked advance in the ranks of literature.

"Miss Balmaine's Past," by B. M. Croker (Chatto and Windus), is a novel of the irritating class, for the whole story is based upon impossibly stupid misunderstandings. Ronald Gordon, railway engineer, meets Rosamond Balmaine, then under the guardianship of her grandmother on Romney Marsh, rescues her from a tramp, and they become lovers. Grandmother dies. Ronald and Rosamond marry secretly, ignorant that Rosamond is an heiress, and have a wild fortnight in Paris. Ronald goes to New Zealand to seek his fortune, leaving Rosamond behind, is wrecked on a reef, and lives there for eighteen months on gannets. *Toujours perdrix* is bad enough, *toujours gannets* must be worse, since it must involve taking the game and fish courses together. No letters, naturally, reach Rosamond. Then Rosamond's mother, with her third husband and no money to speak of, returns to England, intending to live on Rosamond's income. They disbelieve the story of the marriage; and Rosamond is so incomparably stupid that she forgets the London church she was married in. Ordinary folks remember that kind of thing. A child is born. The mother of Rosamond puts the child out to nurse, and tells her daughter it is dead. Ronald is rescued, and, returning to England, finds that a series of accidents has made him rich and Lord Airdrie. On this return, of course the evening papers would have been eloquent for a week; but they are silent, and he goes to Romney Marsh to find Rosamond, and finds only the child, which he buys for £20 from its drunken guardian. Filled with the idea that his wife has deserted the child, he tries to put her out of his heart; and at the same time takes a house near her for the sake of seeing her face. They meet often. He, however, has been altered so much by compulsory gannetarianism, and exposure, and a beard, and grief of heart, that she not only does not recognise him, but is inclined to dislike him. He, of course, never asks for an explanation, as any man of sense would, and they go on quarrelling and misunderstanding one another in the most exasperating way until the end of the book. Then they meet on a bridge in Romney Marsh, embrace in public, and live happily together ever afterwards, which is really better than they have deserved, for two such inconceivably stupid people never lived. A novel without a plot is sometimes to be borne, but a novel with a plot which a particle of common-sense would shiver to atoms in a moment is more than can be endured.

Miss Emily Lawless, as she proved best in "Hurrish," is a lively and human writer, and her "Traits and Confidences" (Methuen) makes emphatically pleasant reading. There are all sorts of stories, connected with Irish scenes, collected in this volume, and time spent over them will not be grudged. Very agreeable, I almost venture to say, as a record of personal experience, is the first, which records an entomological adventure. The adventuress was a little girl, filled with the love of science, who slipped out to hunt moths and butterflies at dawn, as she believed. But it was not dawn, but moonlight, and three in the morning, and she could not re-enter the house, and the terrors of the lonely night are described in a very happy vein. A clever and pathetic little story, which might fit a good many beautiful spots in Ireland, is "The Influence of Assassination on a Landscape"; but it is in "After the Famine" that Miss Lawless shows her keen understanding of the Irish nature, and her power of moving the human heart in full strength. For the expression of sentiment which is true, but by no means maudlin, this book may be commended most heartily.

It had been in my mind to discourse upon the novel scientific, using Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Frank R. Stockton as pegs upon which to hang the little treatise. But it is not fair for me to write about Mr. Wells. He has his admirers; but I am not of them. His "Time Machine" wearies me inexcessibly, "The Island of Dr. Moreau" revolted me, "The War of the Worlds" tires me. So, since I find him apt to lose the story in the science, let me pass him by. Mr. Frank R. Stockton is a horse of another colour, and "The Great Stone of Sardis" (Harpers) is one of the books which, once taken in hand, are not easily to be laid aside. Mr. Stockton is not to be placed in the same class as Jules Verne, still less is he to be named in the same breath with Lord Lytton. No dream of science and its possibilities that has been written since "The Coming Race" has ever equalled that strange book in completeness of conception; none has ever been marked by such natural harmony of treatment from beginning to end. His majestic women of the Vril-ya—bigger than the men as are the females of the hawk tribe—his flying men, their majestic subterranean abodes, their high tone of ethics, their constitution, go to form an idea far more noble than has entered into the minds of the moderns. For Jules Verne, he had the genius to hit upon scintillating ideas and to work them out in a very graphic manner. Amongst other achievements of Jules Verne's brain was the notion of the submarine boat, and I well remember the thrill with which I read in boyhood a volume called "A Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," or words to that effect. A boat of much the same kind is used by Mr. Stockton as the vehicle of his narrative. It goes to the North Pole; why not the North Pole if the author pleases? But, except that it lays a cable as it goes, and is in constant telegraphic communication with Sardis, U.S.A., the vessel is much like Jules Verne's submarine boat. That is one of his wonders. The other principal marvels are a development of the Röntgen ray principle, which enables the inventor to see fourteen miles into the earth's covering, and to study each stratum as the light penetrates it; and a shell of the most terrific character. This shell tumbles off its staging in the laboratory, and makes a hole fifteen miles deep. After a while the inventor descends, in a lift and with cigars, and finds the shell

resting, not on light, as he had supposed originally, but on the central substance of the earth, which is solid diamond. He picks up a few fragments, enough, of course, to make several fortunes, and comes up. But he will not go down again, because on the first occasion he almost slipped on the central diamond, and he might have fallen any distance. This is the weak point of the story, for firstly, he had equipped his Arctic explorers with sucker shoes which would not slip on ice, and diamond is not so slippery as ice—not that I have enjoyed the opportunity of pacing up and down the surface of a diamond. Secondly, if the inventor had not been so intent on scientific devices, he might have tried the old-fashioned plan of tying himself to the lift with a rope. Then he might safely have taken a load or two more of diamond back to the surface with him. Still the book is of undeniable interest, mainly by reason of its overflowing humour, and the amusing character of some of the persons delineated. Rowland Clew, the inventor, is an American prig, which is the worst species of the genus; but Margaret Raleigh, his partner and *fiancée*, is a woman, every inch of her. The jewel of the book is Mrs. Sarah Block, an old-fashioned lady, who insists on going to the Pole simply because her husband Sammy, also a hundred years or so behind his age, is going. The account of Sarah prescribing Sammy's costume for taking possession of the Pole is immense. "For one thing, you should wear a pair of those red flannel socks that you haven't had on yet; it will be a good way to christen 'em. Everything on you ought to be perfectly fresh and clean, and just as nice as you've got. This will be the first time anybody ever took possession of a pole, and you ought to look your very best. I would ask you to shave, because you look better that way, but I suppose if you took off your beard you would get cold in your jaws. And I want you to stand up straight and *talk about it as long as you can.*" Truly Mrs. Sarah Block relieves the monotony of science not a little.



CONCERNING THE CAT.

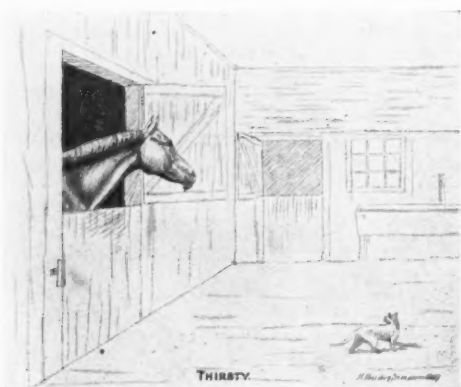
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You are always so ready to admit the evidence of witnesses to the dog's intelligence, that I am in hopes you will permit me to bring forward one instance to the credit of his rival, the cat. Those who follow the cult of the dog, among whom I include myself, are, I think, too prone to belittle the intellect of the cat. The dog is essentially unselfish and servile; the cat supremely independent and self-regarding. Hence men in their vanity have come to believe that the creature which contentedly worships and serves humanity is on a higher intellectual plane than the animal which never disguises its profound contempt for mankind, and resolutely pursues its own purposes. But observe, sir, the cat gets what it wants. If you do not provide for him according to his notions of what is seemly and his due, your own apparently faithful Thomas will leave you without the least hesitation and seek a more useful friend. People call the cat stupid because it is the most difficult to train of all known animals, but what gratification can a reasonable cat get out of grinning through a horse-collar for the amusement of fools? Surely it is a proof of intellect, not of its absence, that the cat should resolutely decline to be anybody's servant, and should yet manage to pick up a very tolerable living in this work-a-day world. But let me tell my story. Some years ago an eminently respectable cat, whose name, I regret to say, I have forgotten, took up his abode in — College, Oxford. The quad of this particular college has this peculiarity—that its centre is a square of grass which is much below the level of the walk which surrounds it. A steep bank of grass leads from the walk in question to the centre. On an afternoon in May, the college cat was observed to be strolling in an aimless sort of way along the walk, while a pair of sparrows were playing on the lawn below. Suddenly the cat concealed himself behind the border where the grass and the gravel join. Since he would have to descend the bank and then make an advance over the open lawn, it seemed impossible to suppose that the sparrows were in any danger. But the cat was of a different opinion. Perceiving that concealment was hopeless, he boldly showed himself, and then gave the college the most remarkable exhibition of intelligence it has ever been my fortune to witness in what silly people call a "dumb animal." He affected to see an entirely non-existent butterfly, and, rising on his hind legs, clapped his fore paws together after the fashion of cats at play. In doing so, he apparently overbalanced himself and rolled down the bank. The sparrows, who had been watching him rather nervously, concluded that he was engrossed with something else, and went on with their game. So did he. The pursuit of the imaginary butterfly continued, but every frisk and every gambol brought him an inch or two nearer to the sparrows. It was the most perfect acting I ever saw, either on the stage or off. Suddenly, when he was within four or five yards of them, he wheeled round in the middle of his final manœuvre, charged like a flash of lightning, and had one of the sparrows before the other realised

that anything had happened. I am pleased to say that his extraordinary success was greeted with a cheer by the few men who had been watching the development of his strategy. Now, sir, I submit that your correspondent will have to produce a highly superior dog to lower the colours of that cat. Exclude the use of tools, and could you yourself, sir, have devised a more ingenious plan, supposing always that your mind was set on the acquirement of sparrow pie? I trow not. The keenest observation, the most perfect mimicry, the most resolute purpose, went to that manœuvre, and I venture to say, sir, that even you yourself could not have carried it out with more complete success. The real superiority of the dog over the cat is to be sought for in the sphere of ethics not of logic. Some day, if you will permit me, I will endeavour to expound the creed and ritual of my dog, Bruce, now in the happy hunting ground. He was a very religious dog.—OSWALD KIRK.

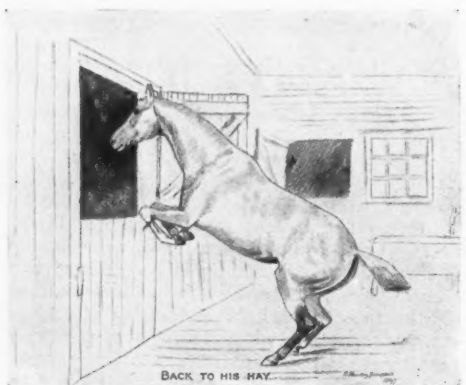
[Weasels have been observed to play similar antics with like success.—ED.]

AN EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE. [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]



SIR,—I am sending you some sketches which may be of sufficient interest for publication in your paper, for they illustrate a remarkable performance on the part of a horse which was witnessed by two ostlers in the livery stables in this city (Victoria, British Columbia),

where the horse was being kept at the time. He jumped out of his box, drank at a trough, and of his own accord jumped back again. The lower door, over which he jumped, is 3ft. 6in. high, and the space above through which he jumped 3ft. 9in. The horse is a powerful, well-bred chestnut, standing about 15.3, owned and bred by Mr. R. P. Rithet, of this city, a subscriber to COUNTRY LIFE ILLUSTRATED.—H. HARVEY SIMPSON.



P.S.—There is no doubt of the authenticity of this remarkable and, I believe, unique performance. The animal, coming four year old, was out of an imported Irish mare by a California thoroughbred, and was being used in my practice at the time.—JOHN A. DUNCAN, M.D.

[It would not be a bad plan to keep water in the box of this "lepper." He may hurt himself next time.—ED.]

MORAL EFFECT OF MODERN RIFLES ON BIG GAME [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you allow me space in COUNTRY LIFE to ask some of your big game shooting readers their experience on the above subject. What I wish for information about is, not the effect of the bullet, for that we all know, but what, for want of a better expression, I may call the moral effect of modern rifles. Discussing big game shooting the other evening, a friend of mine,

of long Indian experience, who has not long since returned from a shooting expedition, put forward the theory that all big game, particularly bears, tigers, and even gaur, were less inclined to attack the hunter, and much more anxious to get out of the way, even when cornered, than was the case twenty years ago. He attributes this to the fear of the modern rifle carried by the hunter, which makes man so much more efficient an antagonist. Now we know that the tendency to attack man on the part of savage beasts arises from their experience of his defencelessness, which is so far a confirmation. An American friend, a great hunter, to whom I referred the above theory, thought it over, and agreed that he had noticed the same thing. Of course, I am well aware that the stopping power by shock of modern rifle bullets is likely to prevent charges by wounded animals; but the point of the matter lies of course in the fact of a generally increased disinclination, if such there be, to attack or to face man. I quite agree with your excellent articles on "Indian Big Game," that these animals have not decreased greatly, but I am sure they are more difficult to get at. Is this the reason? In confirmation of the above, I may recall a conversation I had many years ago with the late Colonel F. Carr, of 5th P.C., one of the best shikaris of his day. We were discussing the question of markhor shooting, and he told me he was sure that these animals learned the range of rifles after a time. He had noted that markhor he shot were almost invariably beyond the range of the shikari's weapon, while they could be reached by the improved weapons he carried, but that every year they were more cautious. He also added that, in his opinion, the animals with good heads were the most cautious, and seemed aware that they were the objects of pursuit. I should like to know if any of your shooting readers agree with these ideas, or if their recollections seem to confirm the theory that the possession of such efficient means of offence and defence has made savage animals more fearful of man, and less willing to come to close quarters with him.—THOMAS F. DALE.

THE BLUE PRIMROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have heard a great deal about the blue hardy primroses, but have not seen them since last year, when very early I noticed a collection in pots at one of the meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society. The flowers seemed to me very poor in colour, washed-out tints, and not so effective as the many fine selfs that may be obtained from a packet of seed of a good strain of the coloured primroses, in which deep crimson, lilac, and other shades make these forms so welcome in the garden.—SOMERSET.

[We quite agree with you that the primroses shown so early in the year are washed out, and the reason of course is obvious. Such hardy plants as primroses are not intended for pot culture, although very decided colours, such as crimson and yellow, are less affected by artificial heat than blue. The blue primroses are a delightful race, and the colour, if not the blue of the gentian, is agreeable. One wants to see clumps of them against moss-covered stones, or by a moist ditch, as Mr. G. F. Wilson, who really raised this group, grows them in his garden at Wisley. Oakwood blue, for instance, is a beautiful flower, intense in colour, and richer still by the strong contrast of a yellow centre. To grow the plants in pots is, however, a mistake. It often happens that new flowers, which the trade are anxious to bring quickly before the public, are brought into bloom with the aid of artificial heat, and spilt. Grow them in the open garden, and their rich colouring is revealed.—ED.]

JAPANESE PLUMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have lately read an article recommending for English gardens Japanese plums, the fruit of which is said to be extremely pleasant in colour and taste. As I am interested in making fruit trials, I should be much obliged if you would kindly give me some information about them. I should imagine that the trees would be tender.—BERKSHIRE.

[We have no personal experience of these fruits, but should think that they would be too tender for our climate. It must be a luscious fruit indeed that is more pleasant eating than a good British dessert plum, such as Coe's Golden Drop, or the Greengage. Mr. A. H. Pearson, in a lecture upon plums given before the Royal Horticultural Society last year, made the following observations upon the foreign plums. As Mr. Pearson is a keen fruit grower, his remarks are more important. "With regard to the Japanese plums, I cannot say much from personal observation. I purchased several varieties, but they succumbed to the severity of our winters in less than two years; the majority died the first season, and the remainder dragged on an enfeebled existence, until the next winter promptly ended their sufferings." Our American friends speak very highly of "Burbank"—a Japanese variety imported by Mr. Luther Burbank—which they describe as "entirely hardy."—ED.]

BULLFINCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to the question as to whether bullfinches and other birds require to be killed in order to protect the buds of the fruit trees, I wish to say it is *not* necessary. Either putting cotton-thread on the fruit trees, or white-washing them, will protect the buds from the small birds; but feeding the birds all the year round with boiled corn or bread will prevent their touching the buds. They must eat something, and are specially fond of boiled Indian corn.—X.

Notes from my Diary
by Mlle. Sans-Gêne

MONDAY: The sun is shining into all the rooms, and my mother is following it frowning. In her left eye I distinctly see the coming event of spring cleaning. What is suffered under these circumstances is known only to my mother's daughters, who are nothing if they are not respectful, and by whom the details will never be revealed.

My mother is exceedingly thorough in her household arrangements. She does not have one room dismantled at a time, the whole establishment is by her royal command turned upside down at once. The cold chill stones of the uncarpeted staircase strike discomfort to our wandering footsteps, the landing is blocked with all the most treasured easy chairs, our favourite china reposes for days in the wash-tub, our windows are undraped, our beds are unflounced, our fires are out, our chimneys invaded by sweeps, and in the midst of it all my mother trots up and down with conscious pride that she has done her duty, while she upbraids us tenderly—she has a sweet disposition really—for not being domestic. The Fates forbid we should! Under such



BLACK SATIN GOWN WITH LACE PINAFORE AND SLEEVES.

conditions the only spot in the house which makes for peace and plenty, drapery and decorum, carpets and comfort is the dining-room, where the whole family collects for about six hours a day to realise that union is force of argument. We don't agree very well when we are together much; only this afternoon, and this is before our troubles have commenced and each others' companionship is inevitable, we were quarrelling over new fashions. We each of us want our spring costume to be of bright blue, and it is perfectly impossible for three women in intimate relation with each other to walk out in frocks of the same colour and material. We should look like members of some admirable institution directed by charity. Mentally I can see the straw bonnets tied up with red ribbons, which would put the finishing touch to the doleful tale. Why those other two girls want bright blue I cannot imagine—naturally I desire it, for it is the most becoming of all colours to me. The selfishness of my sisters in wanting to deprive me of its beneficial effect is heartrending. As I explained to them, grey is such a good shade for spring; biscuit colour has so many advantages; why blue? Then they replied, "Why blue?" and I answered, "Why blue?" and the conversation would have gone on till all was blue if the luncheon bell had not sounded in our ears; and as I walked across the hall I made up my mind no longer to reason why, but to go out and buy, as the poet has it, a blue dress.

WEDNESDAY: I have done it. It is made of a very thin cloth, and the shade is considerably lighter than the navy tone, making for the hyacinth hue, and the skirt is to have a very narrow front seam, a flounce round the back, and many machine stitchings above this in groups. The bodice is very plainly made, tight at the back into the waist, pouched in the front, and showing a waistcoat of Irish lace mounted over lisse, and two rows of Wedgwood buttons set in steel down either side, and the sleeves have very little fulness at the top and set with small shaped cuffs over the hands, while round the waist is a belt of Wedgwood blue velvet, fastening in the front through a narrow steel buckle, and falling with short ends fringed with silk. Silk fringed ends are the joy of the Parisians at the moment. They appear on their latest order of neckties, which are made of a thick soft silk, tied into a bow at the top, the ends falling to the waist, and they also play a decorative part on the sashes which are made of silk, and worn on those evening dresses which do not boast muslin or chiffon sashes. I saw a charming dress this afternoon whilst I was out foraging for frocks. It was of dark, stone-grey cloth, with the front seams of the skirt showing a narrow line of white braid from waist to hem. The bodice had a vest of ivory lisse and lace, a large collar was round the shoulders, and beneath this was tied, in a way somewhat suggestive of the sailor fashion, one of the French scarves in dark red, with the fringed ends falling below the waist. It was crowned with a chinchilla hat, with a couple of dark red roses setting at the base of an elaborately curled paradise plume. Its fortunate wearer had an excellent chinchilla cape made with the flounce on the hem graduated in shape up to the throat, and tied with a much pleated scarf of grey chiffon. She was a pretty dark woman, evidently an enthusiast on the subject of Niagara, for I heard her chatting to the girl who was serving her about the importance of delivering her new coat in time to put in an appearance on the rink on Saturday afternoon. The details of the new coat were evidently very gorgeous. I heard whispers of cedar brown velvet and smoke pearl and oxydised silver buttons, and of linings of white satin. I think I shall go to Niagara on Saturday on purpose to see whether punctuality distinguished the assistant, and whether the garment were worthy of the efforts bestowed upon it.

SATURDAY: I have had a few lines from Nellie this morning, but this has not quite induced me to forgive her for leaving town without me. It hurts me to have to admit she never even suggested she would gladly have had my companionship.

"DEAR SANS-GENE,—

"I do not propose to write to you to-day, merely to mention that everybody who ought to have been in the Riviera appears to have gone to Cairo. Egypt is this year the Mecca of all good

travellers. By the way, Mecca is not in Egypt; but who am I that I should know geography? The distinguishing feature of the fashions that I have seen—I know this is the only topic that interests you—is their elaboration. Nothing is simple and nothing is plain. Embroideries and fanciful designs of silk or cloth and lace decorate every single costume, whether for evening or walking or lounging wear. The skirts are flounced and trimmed, the bodices still continue to pouch in the front, and they are all tight at the back, some of them showing a little basque, a sort of a round tab in the centre of the back, but being cut off at the waist in the front. One princess gown I have met of worthy character—this was for evening wear—of mauve velvet, embroidered in mauve pearls and sequins, and silver



HAT OF BLACK NET, EMBROIDERED SILVER WITH BLACK FEATHERS.

thread, a long line of this extending from the bust to the hem and round the back. Just a few folds of lace were at the top of the bodice, and a large bunch of red roses. For these I am perfectly certain your English taste would have substituted pink, so would mine, but still the effect was very becoming. And another striking evening dress I have seen was of flame-coloured satin, elaborately worked in silk, with little gold paillettes. This was worn by a very dark woman with a small head, and at one side of her coiffure was placed a bright pink rose.

"I have taken to gambling, and with a vengeance. I cannot understand how I could ever have imagined myself impervious to its charms, and, Sans-Gêne, I am winning! I still like Tom—I thought you would be glad to know—and I will write you again in a week or two.

"I enclose you a picture of an 'At Home evening dress' I met here, in black soft satin, with lace hanging from jet embroidery on ivory lisse. I trust you will appreciate my amiability.

"Always yours, NELLIE."



BAMBOOS IN GARDENS.

IT is fortunate for English gardens that the graceful Bamboo family is better known than a few years ago, when the vigorous growing *Bambusa Metake* was the only kind usually seen. The winter effect of Bamboos is delightful, the tall leafy stems appearing as fresh as in summer, standing out boldly from the surrounding deciduous trees. We are pleased to know that the Bamboo garden at Kew is a complete success, a splendid collection being planted there to interest all who care to know something more of the family than suggested by two or three of the commoner kinds. If Bamboos succeed so well near London, they should flourish more vigorously in the purer country air, provided the same shelter can be given. The garden at Kew is happily placed near the river, in that portion of the grounds known as the Wilderness. It is approached on one hand through woodland, and on the other by the *Rhododendron glen*—a ravine of blossom in

the late spring, when the many beautiful species and hybrids are in flower. Shelter is essential, not to protect from frost so much as to shield the little stems from keen easterly and northerly winds in March. These will sometimes brown the stems, but with warmer days new growth commences with renewed energy. Ample drainage and a free loamy soil, light but good, are required. The plants are, as far as our experience goes, less concerned about the soil than shelter from easterly winds. A deep and light soil is undoubtedly the best, but we have seen Bamboos in rude health upon ground of different character. Water in plenty is essential during the summer, and for that reason, where opportunities do not exist for making a garden devoted to Bamboos alone, bold masses should be planted in sheltered positions by the water-side. Newly-planted tufts receive considerable assistance from liberal mulchings of well-decayed manure. Plant on a damp April day, and remember that two seasons' growth must elapse before decided headway is seen.

A FEW GRACEFUL BAMBOOS.

The most graceful of all Bamboos is *B. Henonis*, and we should place this first in any selection. The arching canes, clothed with a wealth of light green leaves, possess unceasing charm. We never tire of plants so full of life and beauty. This is known also as *Phyllostachys*, the family being divided into various groups, which we will describe individually on another occasion. During early winter, when the tree branches are bare, the refreshing green colouring of this Bamboo is as soft as the grass of the field. *P. viridi-glaucescens* is almost as graceful and free. It grows remarkably fast, wands of feathery growth rising to 18ft. or more in height, which, from their arching, loose, and spreading character, ask for ample space. A bold group of this is welcomed by itself on the margin of the lake, or in some sheltered position where the full grace of the plant is revealed. *Arundinaria Simoni* is an extremely vigorous Bamboo, quick in growth, and requiring ample space for its rambling roots to run in. It is not wise to plant it with other kinds, but rather isolate it. A beautiful Bamboo is that known as *Palmata*, the leaves about 1ft. in length, and nearly 4in. across, the colour bright green. It is interesting to know that the leaves are used by the Japanese peasants to wrap up any food they may use with their rice. A beautiful Bamboo is *Phyllostachys Castillonis*, conspicuous for its yellow stems, hence the Japanese name *Kimmei-chiku*, or Golden Brilliant Bamboo. The leaves are nearly 1ft. in length, and the plant elegant in growth. Better known than this is the black Bamboo, *P. nigra*, which is readily recognised by its black stems. Visitors to the Riviera will know this species, its leafy stems in the sunny South attaining upwards of 30ft. Another tall-growing kind is *Mitis*, which, in its native Japanese woods, grows 60ft. in height, the stems arching gracefully, and developing at the rate of 6in. in about twenty-four hours. The young shoots are eaten by the Japanese, and said to resemble asparagus. A strong growing and very distinct Bamboo is *P. Quiloi*, and mention must also be made of the familiar *Bambusa Metake*, known now as *Arundinaria japonica*.

DWARF BAMBOOS.

Bambusa palmata is a dwarf species, but not so dwarf as those mentioned in this note. *Arundinaria Veitchi* does not grow much more than 2ft., but has very large leaves, which, unfortunately, get browned at the tips in winter. With, however, the advent of spring, new growth is made, and this is of a soft, pleasing green. *Tessellata* is about 2½ft. high, and is worth growing for its leaves, dwarfness, and vigour. In some books it is called *B. or Arundinaria Ragamowski*. Very dwarf is *B. pygmaea*, a bright green-leaved Bamboo, extremely rapid in growth, very thick, and delightful where it can spread about in its own way. But its remarkable vigour suggests caution in planting. Many weaker Bamboos or shrubs would feel its undermining roots.



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VIEW IN THE GARDEN OF SIR V. R. CORBETT, BART.

THE MOCASSON-FLOWER.

No hardy Orchid is so handsome as this *Lady Slipper* of American peat bogs, where it forms bold groups. It delights in a moist boggy soil, where the white *Wood Lily* (*Trillium*) is at home and the rosy *Himalayan Primula rosea* flowers every year. *Cypripedium spectabile* is the botanical name of this Orchid, which grows nearly 2ft. high, the robust leaves sheathing the sturdy stems. These each support one or two flowers, quietly but pleasingly coloured, their purity set off by a rosy suffusion on the pouch or lip. In the variety album there is no colouring. A deep peaty soil, with which some gritty material or sandstone has been mixed, will give the strongest growth. Partial shade is essential, whilst the plant succeeds well, too, in pots in the greenhouse.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always ready to assist our readers in every phase of gardening. The trade are also invited to send their catalogues for notice.